Captain Levy's Conviction *Nicholas von Hoffman*

THE NEW REPUBLIC

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What Israel's Victory Means

The Editors

The British Take Stock

Alex Campbell from London

& a special report from New Orleans

Is Garrison Faking?

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NEWSPAPER

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T.R.B. *from Washington*

"This Is the Middle East"

★ A year ago we went through the Mandelbaum Gate, the one-way passage from Jerusalem of Jordan to Jerusalem of Israel. The city was then obscenely split in two, like Berlin. A quietly formidable little passage . . . no-man's land of 20 feet . . . barbed wire coils . . . then guardhouse, customs clearance, passport control and cars, trucks and a modern city.

We do not think we can make the average American understand the difference between the two lands. On the ridge you can see separate countries. The Arabs' is desiccated, desolate, goat-grazed; the Jews' afforested, irrigated, modern. We gazed and gazed. Behind us were camels and a pastoral, Biblical country; before us . . . "Look, a tractor!" said our companion.

Now, as this is written, 50 hours and another small war is all but won. Jerusalem is united. The Jews have their Wailing Wall, their sacred shrine. It is all over and, we think, nothing is over. For this is the Middle East.

Once a scorpion asked a frog to carry it on its back across the Jordan. "No," said the frog, "you will sting me and kill me." "Why should I do that?" asked the scorpion, "I can't swim. If I stung you I would drown." So the frog took the scorpion on its back and halfway across the Jordan the scorpion stung it. "Why did you do that?" gasped the dying frog. "Because this is the Middle East," said the drowning scorpion.

Since our visit we have been digging into *The Source* by James Michener, all 15 levels of it – the history of Palestine through a single archaeological excavation. From BC 9831 on – Stone Age, Bronze Age, Iron Age; armies, conquest, extermination, new civilizations, new vengeance. Jews had no nation for 2,000 years, save the nation in their heads; Arabs are of the same race and now have hatred like vitriol in their heads which they will cherish lovingly after new defeats.

Jews brushed Arabs aside in Palestine in 1948 much as Yankees did Mexicans in California – the moral right of superior technology. Jews have all Jerusalem back and we hope they keep it. Peace? This is the earthquake zone; the terrestrial fault. We are immensely cynical. The naïve will now talk of "reconciliation," which, of course, is the reasonable course. Ah yes, but this is the Middle East.

So the big powers take over. They sell arms to the little powers but pretend to be shocked when they use them. The US was piously "neutral" and Moscow seems to have decided to let down the Arabs, as it did Fidel Castro. In fairness to President Johnson he supported the "bridge-building" policy toward Moscow over vindictive Republican opposition. He appears to have kept in touch with Kosygin throughout the onciliation," which, of course, is the in the Middle East, but he did not lose his head or overreact. Moshe Dayan humiliated Moscow and the Jews saved Johnson's bacon, to use an inappropriate figure.

The Unending Other War

★ Meanwhile, how about Vietnam? All our supposed commitments there were not one-tenth as binding as those we betrayed to Israel (however wisely given). There is no better correspondent in Saigon than Ward Just of *The Washington Post* and summarizing 18 months there he reports: "This war is not being won and by any reasonable estimate, it is not going to be won in the foreseeable future. It may be unwinnable."

The Cleveland Plain Dealer polled readers recently and got replies from 9,162, according to an AP dispatch. Of these, 5,798 "favored an outright withdrawal of American troops." As a final note, you recall that last January US infantry divisions "swept through the Viet Cong's Iron Triangle," evacuating villagers, destroying fortifications and supplies. Then the US troops withdrew. And, yes, dispatches now say the Viet Cong are back there again.

Hungry Congressmen

★ This week the Senate starts debate on whether to censure Senator Dodd (D, Conn.). The whole question of campaign financing comes up again. Senator Dodd admits double billing, and using money from testimonial dinners for personal expenses. The Stennis committee asks for censure; flamboyant, arm-waving Russell Long defends Dodd and says that if he is guilty so is "half the Senate." Whether this helps Dodd or hurts the Senate is hard to say. It will be a disagreeable, emotional spectacle. Drew Pearson and Jack Anderson exposed Dodd, for which they should have got the Pulitzer Prize.

During the Dodd hearings a lower court convicted Bobby Baker, and the House has ousted Adam Clayton Powell. Now *Life* magazine brings serious charges against Sen. Edward V. Long (D, Mo.). If there is to be a reform of Congress it is now or never. Mr. Johnson proposes a new plan for federal subsidies to help finance presidential campaigns. Our guess is Congress will reject the cumbersome Johnson proposal and adopt a simpler plan proposed by Bobby Kennedy and others: a modest tax credit to individuals who make political contributions. Hungry congressmen are eager for federal aid, and rather than have elections auctioned off to rich men we grudgingly favor it.

What gripes us, though, is the proposal to buy time with tax money for campaign speeches from TV networks who get free use of the channels that belong to you and me! We recall a cagey New England contractor who scooped off topsoil, built houses, and then sold the top soil back to buyers. Really, will the public permit this outrage? The networks are affluent and should be required by law to devote a reasonable amount of prime time to free political broadcasting.

And to close, we note that an all-white jury in Oxford, Miss., has just found innocent eight men arrested in a mob last September that attacked desegregated Negro schoolchildren with clubs and chains.

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The Israeli Victory

To appreciate the shattering significance of Israel's victory, one must try to imagine the world as it would have been had Israel lost on the battlefield or remained passive only to expire later from slow strangulation. The Middle East would have become an exclusive Soviet preserve. The Arab chauvinists who called themselves socialists would have had either to do Russia's bidding or be swept away. All US, all Western influence, would have been eliminated in very quick order. And these repercussions would have been felt far beyond the Middle East. Let us not, therefore, forget what we owe the Israelis.

The Russians had staked Nasser and every other inflammatory anti-Israel fanatic in the area. A Russian triumph would have been regarded by the entire world as Moscow's impressive revenge for a series of defeats suffered in recent years – Soviet rebuffs in Berlin, the retreat in Cuba, the failures in the Congo, Ghana, Latin America, Europe. The present defensive posture of the Soviets in Europe would in all probability have changed overnight. Moscow would surely have been greatly tempted to launch immediately a propaganda barrage aimed at bringing West Germany into line, would have reestablished command by disciplining such wayward "satellites" as Rumania. Communist parties in non-socialist countries, in France particularly (de Gaulle notwithstanding), would have been under heavy pressure to again switch the line from coexistence to revolutionary class struggle. All this was in the cards, because the laws governing totalitarian movements – whether communist, fascist or Arab socialist – require an offensive along the entire front, once there is a major breakthrough in one sector. Russia would have recovered the undisputed leadership of the communist camp and would have presented Washington with one of two choices: divide the world for the time being into spheres of influence, with the US withdrawing into a "Fortress America"; or face the likelihood of an atomic confrontation.

Moreover, this sharp swing in the pendulum of power would have come at a time when American morale was sapped by a series of moral and political disasters. An Israel that did not have the courage to strike for its own survival would have been demanding that the US fulfill its commitments – commitments which four American Presidents gave her, and which Lyndon Johnson solemnly reaffirmed only two weeks ago. But would the President have done it? Would he have run American ships through the Egyptian blockade of the Gulf of Aqaba? The best hunch is that he would not, though Washington's

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pledges were incomparably stronger and incomparably more binding than the loose promise of economic help, under conditions which were never met, which President Eisenhower gave to the late Diem of Saigon and which are the origin of the present American open-ended involvement in Vietnam. And what of the American domestic scene had Israel been forced to demand that Lyndon Johnson make good his word that the waterway to Eilat must be kept open.

As it worked out, the President could talk and do little. And that was most fortunate for the US – and perhaps for Israel, too. How could Mr. Johnson have been expected to do more than he did? Had not most of the Vietnam hawks in Congress suddenly become the most lenient doves in the Middle East? And the Vietnam doves who became Middle East hawks, what did they propose if not vigorous action? There was no consensus here. In the United Nations, had not U Thant precipitously and shamelessly bowed to Nasser's ultimatum to withdraw UN troops? Quite plainly, the UN was not prepared either to protect Israel or to prevent Israel from protecting itself, and the Security Council discussions gave final proof of the world organization's incapacity to act decisively when the Great Powers are not of one mind. Furthermore, had not most of the reputed experts on world strategy painted an awesome picture of Soviet capability, indeed of the Soviet willingness to throw large military forces into any Middle Eastern battle? And think of Lyndon Johnson's predicament had Israel gone down under a combined Arab onslaught, and the problem then would have no longer been political or strategic, but action simply to prevent genocide?

This grim scenario was, happily, never played out, for Moshe Dayan made good his promise that Israel wanted no American or British boys to die for his country. Israeli boys did it alone. Their victory has changed the world balance of power more decisively than anything that has happened since World War II, including the Soviet retreat in Cuba. For the first time in decades, the United States, without firing a shot – while proclaiming its nonbelligerence and even neutrality – has scored an immense victory, one equivalent to the ruin of Soviet prestige in the Middle East and everywhere else. There has been an unprecedented defeat of the most vociferous haters of America. And last but not least, events have proved that de Gaulle, this modern symbol of political sophistication and of cold realism, can be deadly wrong, and that limitless cynicism is not always the best policy.

The final score has not been marked up, however, and depends on what the US does in the months, perhaps years, ahead.

How can this potential victory be made real? First, by remembering that American initiatives in the Middle East in recent years have been a mixture of folly and naïveté. Washington initiated the Baghdad Pact (then refused to join it at the last moment). That pact, instead of stabilizing the Middle East and guarding it against Russian penetration, opened the gate wide to Soviet influence. In 1956, the US rescued Nasser, for which it got no credit whatsoever; the credit went entirely to Moscow. What the US did was to help undermine Britain as a world power, feed anti-Americanism in France and jeopardize Israel's security. Hoping against hope, the State Department after Suez poured into Nasser's Egypt, into Algeria, into most of the other Arab states, immense amounts of American foodstuffs, money, and in some cases arms, for which it got little but abuse. Our off-and-on-again flirtation with the enemies of Israel not only made life more precarious for the Israelis but created grave problems for such non-Arab countries as Iran and Ethiopia.

Now what? The President and his advisers should make haste very slowly. Let the dust of the fighting settle. Let's see what regimes the Arab states will have in a month or six months hence. None of the governments responsible for the Arab defeat in 1948 survived for long. Many Arab regimes may not survive the current debacle.

If one thing has been learned in the past week, it is that the Israelis can take care of themselves and have a pretty realistic sense of what is feasible. They have no intention of keeping all land their soldiers occupy. Obviously, however, the Israelis will not return to the *status quo* which gave rise to the conflict. They will certainly do whatever they believe necessary to prevent the Arabs from starting a fourth round. Added territory poses immense political, economic, social and moral problems for the Israelis. They will have to establish a new coexistence with a large Arab majority, which cannot and should not be turned out, and which no one in Israel dreams of expelling. The wisest course for the US will be to help Israel in this undertaking, when and if such help is invited. Later, too, the time will be ripe for a generous American offer to the Arab world, which does not breed only more hatred, as have our interventions in the past.

Outside the Middle East, thanks to the Israelis, the US is in a position she has not been in since the resolution of the Cuban missile crisis. Temporarily, at least, new opportunities beckon. The US can today do many things it could not do, or thought it could not do, only two weeks ago. We have often spoken of negotiating from strength. Now, the President can, without fear of any loss of face, offer to de-escalate the war in Vietnam. He can afford a pause in the air raids against North Vietnam, and wait for Hanoi and the Viet Cong to ponder whether the moment for negotiations there has not arrived.

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AN ISLAND IN SEARCH OF A FUTURE

The British Take Stock

London

Most Britons cheered when the Israelis hit Nasser a knockout punch, for British imperial power touched its nadir in 1956 over Suez. So Nasser's apparent loss of *baraka*, which is what Arabs call face, is poetic justice here. Yet it does not restore British *baraka* in the Middle East. Before Israeli victories rendered it happily irrelevant, the British response to Lyndon Johnson's suggestion that London should lead any Aqaba Gulf expedition was to recoil without dignity from this proffered initiative.

Despite Nasser's setbacks, 1967 only underlines Britain's 1956 lesson that the empire's sun has set. There are 10 British battalions in various parts of the Middle East, but Britain's real interests in the area are oil purchases and arms sales. The latter, mainly to Saudi Arabia, Kuwait and Jordan, were worth $125-million yearly. Wilson was the first prime minister to appoint both a super arms salesman and a minister of disarmament. On June 2, the damage having been done and little further benefit being likely to accrue to Britain's balance of payments from *that* source, it was announced that the arms salesman's contract won't be renewed. Powerless to affect the Middle East crisis its arms sales helped to stoke, Britain will, nevertheless, suffer from it. More expensive oil may clean out Britain's laboriously restored foreign exchange reserves. And the country has been sharply reminded that only 18 oil-rich families in Kuwait hold the fantastic sum of $3 billion in sterling. Should they choose to walk away from the pound, it falls. On May 16, de Gaulle at his press conference referred with uncanny, prophetic insight to some countries' "enormous claims in pounds" as one reason for keeping Britain dangling on the Common Market's doorstep.

These new revelations of Britain's un-might make more vocal the British minority who advocate giving up Polaris submarines and Blue Streak missiles, pulling all British forces back from east of Suez, devaluing and abandoning Britain's role as international banker, and seeking entry to the Common Market on that basis, which they believe would be more acceptable to de Gaulle than Britain's present ambiguous status. Others, however, including members of Wilson's government, are asking skeptically how much value the Common Market really has for Britain after the Kennedy Round reduction of tariffs. They also resent the high price of entry, which some calculate would be a stiff billion dollars a year or probably even worse, and which British housewives, already outraged by rising food prices, might revolt against having to pay, with uncomfortable consequences for the party in power.

So the British console themselves for de Gaulle's chilly remarks, made as he once again closed the door without actually locking and bolting it, by saying this is no time to go into Europe anyway, with the British economy as flat as stale soda water, and that it will be much better to go in three or four years from now. A handful, however, dare a bolder response to de Gaulle's failure to kiss Britain after causing her to stand tippy-toe. They claim to have experienced a big sigh of relief. Let's cry goodbye to all that, they say, both the Common Market and the uneasily fictitious "special relationship" with Washington that Wilson's last trans-Atlantic junket once more attempted to breathe real life into – until Johnson offered him the Middle East initiative he boggled at. Let Britain be like Sweden, or an offshore island like Japan. And let the superpowers, America and Russia, tackle superproblems like Vietnam and the Middle East.

Probably a majority of Britons approve the latter half of this program, the bit about leaving superproblems to superpowers. With reasonable confidence it can be said the British have abdicated at least from superproblems. Vietnam gets short shrift: the war's opponents are as politely rebuffed as the war's defenders. It is believed that when Kosygin visited Wilson in February, Wilson made an ass of himself by persuading the Russian that Johnson was much more open to compromise than Johnson in fact was, but that Kosygin was in turn made an ass of by Hanoi, which simply failed to reply to his message. It is further believed here that Johnson is now out for military victory by election time, and probably was of the same mind back in February when Prime Minister Wilson was telling Kosygin differently.

The British do not think well of Johnson's chances of victory in Vietnam by November 1968, but on the whole they do not much care either way. It's Johnson's headache, and Hanoi's. Few fear a wider war involving China or Russia. Most think – or at least thought last week – that the Middle East is the likelier spark for World War III, which in the British view makes that area the more urgent test of a Russian-American détente. If the superpowers can get together over anything, runs the argument, they ought to be able to do so over the Middle East mess. In general, one can say

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that Britons are bored by world problems and more restless than usual about their own defense costs. These have been successfully restrained within an absolute figure of about $5.5 billion, but failure of the British economy to grow by anything like the government's three percent annual target makes the defense bite seem much bigger. Thanks to an offsetting arms purchasing agreement, the British army on the Rhine – a well-equipped force not far short of 50,000 – is costing Britain only about $20 million this year in foreign exchange. But if the agreement is not renewed next year, Britain may withdraw from Germany another brigade or so, and everyone confidently expects a phased withdrawal of all the British forces now east of Suez.

But the British are likely to resist to the very end George Ball's logical argument for their giving up nuclear weapons. When they talk about Britain becoming a Sweden or Japan, most Britons almost unconsciously reinterpret this to mean a super Sweden, one with nuclear weapons, or an offshore island ditto, not one that has, like Japan, a constitution solemnly foreswearing real military power. De Gaulle is the chap they admire, despite or even because of his buffets, de Gaulle with his nuclear weapons ready to "tear off a limb" of any rapacious Russian (or German) and thus ensure they won't in fact ever attack. It is de Gaulle's *force de frappe*, people here believe, that makes de Gaulle so independent. And since Britain possesses 80 VVV bombers, Blue Streak missiles, and Polaris tridents, the inference is obvious.

"Britain toothless?" cried *The London Evening News* on June 6. "Don't you believe it." Let superpowers handle superproblems, especially as most of Britain's young, bearded and miniskirted counterparts of the New Left darkly suspect those problems were initially created by superestablishments like the CIA. After U Thant's fantastic Egyptian runout, nobody here is likely to put much faith again in the UN. Let Britain stay armed to defend Britain.

Harold Wilson scarcely shares this simplistic view. Unfortunately for him, the immediate objection to it also presents him with a headache he seems to be failing to cure. Even to be as "free" and "independent" as Sweden or Japan, it's necessary to be as efficient as they. Japan, now planning to build 500,000-ton ships, has the venerable British shipbuilding industry on its tail, and this year Japan's gross national product may surpass Britain's.

A Country with a Slow Leak

That is not the half of it. The Wilson years actually threaten to present in microcosm all that has been wrong with Britain for over half a century: lagging industries, lack of leadership, slow reaction time, muddle. Politically unassailable, the Wilson government may preside for four more unhappy years over a country that has a slow leak. The prospect is already creating terrific tensions within Wilson's party that the Middle East is unlikely to alleviate. The immediate fall guy will be Chancellor of the Exchequer, James Callaghan. If he blows Britain's wrinkled balloon, the pressure flutters the pound. If he does not, unemployment climbs and the unions rebel. In either case the long, slow leak goes on. Exports rose, but only by half as much as other countries' and now threaten to level off or fall. Britain imports increasing quantities of machines, not solely because they are cheaper, but because they are also better than her own makes. When slowing growth compels Callaghan finally to blow his balloon ever so gently, by relaxing credit or other government restraints, past experience suggests that British firms are so slow off the mark that they will fail to take advantage of rising consumers' demand before foreign firms do so, in which case imports rise and down goes the pound. Chancellor Callaghan will likely depart soon. Yet none of this will really be his fault.

Too many things – elevators, telephones, computers, transport – are temporarily out of order. Wilson's livewire technology minister, Anthony Wedgwood Benn, who gave up a title and whose wife is American, says that quantitatively there are really very few strikes, and this is true. Unfortunately the man who makes a chalkmark for where a screw is to go, is not the man who actually inserts the screw, so every strike is a bottleneck involving a hundredfold idled men who are not on strike but can't work. The government excuses stagnating growth by saying that overall growth is a very imprecise measure, and so it is. But when the government proceeds to try to foster "selective growth," this turns out to mean paying firms subsidies to hire labor in areas where they won't otherwise build plants because they do not expect to profit there. The government rightly wants to build hundreds of thousands of more badly needed houses and to eliminate scandalous neglect or maltreatment of old people and backward

COMING: *a warning on the persistent dangers of DDT – by Frank Graham Jr.*

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schoolchildren, and these are worthy aims. Unfortunately, public spending creeps up but private investment is sinking.

The Tories say socialism and taxes are destroying British initiative. Yet taxes are no higher than in Europe, and Wilson actually seems to get on better with labor and business than did the Tories, for whom the closest analogy would be those very Brahmanian Bostonians who hate labor but also despite "trade." Not, however, that natural hustlers and bustlers like Wedgwood Benn get all that much cooperation from British businessmen. Benn is trying to interest them in improved machine tools, computers and so forth, and in the metric system. But Britain's pound, shillings and pence that have mystified generations of foreign tourists won't go decimal before the seventies, the excuse being that "the British people have to be gradually educated up to it."

Last year from Britain's aircraft industry alone, 535 scientists and technicians emigrated to the US and Canada. When some emigrants, all PhD's, sought to return home this month, British industry formed an almost solid disapproving front to refuse them jobs. They had emigrated, now let them stew in their Californian orange juice. "You'll get no promotion this side of the ocean," was a popular British ditty in World War II. Seemingly it still is.

To try to undo the brain damage, Wedgwood Benn proposes spending about $200,000 over three years, sending teams to America to lure young Britons back. But meantime American recruiters in Britain are stepping up their visits from quarterly to monthly. And will British employers relax their frosty unforgiveness toward returnees?

It's hard to say where Britain is headed. It is an island in search of a future. Politeness to visitors is universal and probably worth millions of tourist foreign exchange to hard-pressed Callaghan. The relaxed manners are delightful, anyway, until the irritations of countless minor inefficiencies begin to mount. Lord Altrincham, that naughty peer, once cruelly described the British royal family as gold teeth in a mouthful of decay. Britain now has a set of nuclear teeth, but still has pyorrhea. And who seriously thinks the teeth usable? Independence could too easily become insularity, always a British weakness when Britain thought she could afford to despise foreigners, including Americans, and never imagined they would ever dare despise her. Now it is all different. Big Ben turns out to be just a little old gilt clock, and the Horse Guards in scarlet are a bit silly. Until Nasser shattered the calm, the biggest news story in the British papers was that Foreign Secretary George Brown had goofed again, committing *lèse majesté* by avuncularly kissing Princess Margaret on the cheek.

ALEX CAMPBELL

Keep Off the Grass?

Since the police aren't letting up in their enforcement of the narcotics laws, some users of marijuana are caught, tagged as "dope addicts," sent to jail. Hardly a day goes by without another pot bust – midshipmen at Annapolis, an English professor in New York, a NATO diplomat's son, a theology instructor in Illinois. On the list appear the names of respected professionals and their children, people who generally are law-abiding.

It is prudent to say, "Don't smoke pot; the risk of getting caught is too great." But who is listening? A recent University of California School of Criminology study concludes that discouraging the young from smoking marijuana had no effect; the smokers could refute from their own experience the claims that the drug is harmful. Sixty-one percent of college students who were asked by the Gallup poll what they thought should be done to those who get caught using marijuana and LSD opposed expelling them from school. Many respondents said taking drugs should be "strictly a matter for the individual's concern" and that "the college administration has no right to step in." The director of Olin Memorial Health Center at Michigan State University, James S. Fuerig, predicts that marijuana will be legal within two to five years – the time it will take "to educate conservatives."

Marijuana is with us, and the laws against it have little deterrent force. Newspaper reports on pot publicize only a fraction of the cases. Several soldiers in intelligence school at Fort Myer, Virginia, were recently caught smoking pot. There was no scandal; punishment was mild; the men returned to duty. Students at more than one Washington, D. C. private school have been caught in the act; the schools have dealt with them gently, discreetly, and in at least one case arranged for educational talks by drug experts for the students. None of these incidents has been reported in the press.

Hunter Thompson's piece on the Haight-Ashbury scene in *The New York Times Magazine* last month gives one a feeling of how pervasive the "pot problem" is (and incidentally a lesson on how to write circumspectly): "If there is one quick truism about psychedelic drugs, it is that anyone who tries to write about them without firsthand experience is a fool and a fraud. Yet to write from experience is an admission of felonious guilt; it is also a potential betrayal of people whose only 'crime' is the smoking of a weed that grows wild all over the world but the possession of which, in California, carries a minimum sentence of two years in prison for a second offense and a minimum of five years for a third. So, despite the fact that the whole journalism industry is full of unregenerate heads – just as many journalists were hard drinkers during Prohibition – it is not very likely that the frank, document-

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ed truth about the psychedelic underworld . . . will be illuminated at any time soon in the public prints.

"If I were to write, for instance, that I recently spent 10 days in San Francisco and was stoned almost constantly . . . that in fact I was stoned for nine nights out of 10 and that nearly everyone I dealt with smoked marijuana as casually as they drank beer . . . and if I said many of the people I talked to were not freaks and dropouts, but competent professionals with bank accounts and spotless reputations . . . and that I was amazed to find psychedelic drugs in homes where I would never have mentioned them two years ago – if all this were true, I could write an ominous screed to the effect that the hippy phenomenon in the Haight-Ashbury is little more than a . . . soft-sell advertisement for what is happening all around them. . . ."

When and if marijuana is legalized, parents will still be justifiably alarmed to find their child – perhaps in junior high school – is smoking pot (they would be equally upset by his drinking, and there are parental proscriptions available to them). The drug culture, with its enticements to try LSD and other, truly dangerous or uncharted drugs, will still be with us. Society will still have to deal with potheads (the alcoholics of the marijuana generation). There will remain philosophical questions about the value of chemical solutions to life's problems. But none of these problems can be dealt with sensibly under present laws. The federal Marijuana Tax Act of 1937 and state laws patterned after it should be repealed, pot reclassified as nonnarcotic, penalties for possession and sale imposed by the federal Narcotic Control Act of 1956 removed. That, at least, would be a start.

Fifteen Little Indians

The Office of Education is contemplating paying Westinghouse Electric Corp. $2 million to build a computer classroom that would teach 15 Menominee Indian children reading and arithmetic. Set up in a school on the old Menominee reservation (now a county) in northern Wisconsin, the classroom would have what Westinghouse calls a "touch sensitive" device. The child sits before a screen, the computer asks him a question over a loudspeaker or flashes it across the screen. To respond, the pupil touches one of the multiple choice answers displayed on the screen. If he touches the right one, the computer proceeds with the lesson; if it is the wrong answer, the computer goes back and tries to refresh the child's memory. Should the teacher want to know about the student's progress, he could dial a data bank and get it.

While this project is conceived both by the company and officials in the government as an interesting and valuable experiment in electronic education, it raises several unresolved problems. It does not appear to be part of any serious effort to improve Menominee education. The project is to be controlled by the Shawano, Wisconsin, school board. Shawano is the nearest white town to the Indian county; its merchants and lawyers always have made money by bilking the Indians. There are no Indians on the school board; the Indians have only been consulted in the most cursory manner about the possibility of having a computer classroom placed in their midst. While the computer will teach only 15 students at first (eventually 60), there are 900 Indian children now receiving a poor education in run-down buildings. They are often taught by uncertified teachers.

The other rationale for the Westinghouse project is that it will have general research value for future education. But will it? The methods underlying this computer system are ancient, dating back to, among others, B. F. Skinner's experiments in teaching pigeons how to play Ping-Pong. The system has been tested by Westinghouse in other experiments with other Indians. The same "touch sensitive" device can be rigged up with slide projectors for a few hundred dollars. Finally, as observed in Pittsburgh a year ago (See "Computer-Tutor," *NR*, June 4, 1966), the system proves to be a big bore, complete with a disembodied voice repeating itself like a broken record.

The one substantive reason for financing this project is the government's interest in building up the education industry; in this instance, picking up Westinghouse's developmental costs so it can compete with other companies like IBM, which the US also finances.

The Menominee Indians are a depressed lot. Their reservation was closed down in 1961 as part of another experiment. The government wanted to end the "Indian problem" by pushing Indians off the reservation and into the mainstream of American life. As a result, the once prosperous Menominee lumber business is close to bankruptcy. For several years the Indians have begged the government for $5 million in funds to modernize the lumber mill, but without success. The government should improve education among the Menominee Indians. As part of that improvement, computers could be of some use. But first the Indians ought to have equal representation on the Shawano school board, if not a school board for their own county; then they should have better teachers and facilities, and, along with these reforms, real economic development.

It would be a mistake for the government to give Westinghouse $2 million under the guise of assisting Indians (or for that matter, under the guise of aiding research) when the real purpose is something quite different – enhancing competition among large corporations anxious to get a foothold – at public expense – in the new business of electronic education.

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Time for the Truth

Advertising is the most important news broadcast over television, because there's so much of it. In the case of cigarettes, the commercials are aimed at informing viewers, especially youngsters, that smoking is part of the socially acceptable, rich life and a good thing to do. This is inaccurate, for as the Public Health Service has demonstrated smoking can, and does, lead to cancer and heart disease.

Now, in a recent decision the Federal Communications Commission has ruled that stations which carry cigarette commercials must give "fair time" for ads and programs telling of the dangers. The decision was unanimous and came in response to a letter from a New York citizen who complained that WCBS ran ads which portrayed cigarette smoking as desirable. He wanted equal time for the opposite view. "The advertisements in question," the commission said, "clearly promote the use of a particular cigarette as attractive and enjoyable. Indeed, they understandably have no other purpose. We believe that a station which presents such advertisements has the duty of informing its audience of the other side of this controversial issue of public importance – that however enjoyable, such smoking may be a hazard to the smoker's health." However, the FCC turned down the request for equal time, coming out for "fair time" which it vaguely defined as follows: "A station might, for example, reasonably determine that the above noted responsibility would be discharged by presenting each week, in addition to appropriate news reports or other programming dealing with the subject, a number of the public service announcements of the American Cancer Society or HEW in this field. We stress, however, that in this as in other areas under the fairness doctrine, the type of programming and the amount and nature of the time to be afforded is a matter for the good faith and reasonable judgment of the licensee, upon the particular facts of the situation."

Before making its decision, the FCC cleared it with Senator Warren Magnuson (D, Wash.), who heads the Commerce Committee and his opposite in the House, Harley Staggers (D, W.Va.). Magnuson, whose comments on the industry have become increasingly harsh, said, "Frankly, until such time as a safe cigarette has been developed I firmly believe that the cigarette industry should withdraw all advertising from the mass media. Barring that, the cigarette industry, broadcasters, the advertising agencies should cooperate with such groups as the American Cancer Society in presenting the full known facts of the hazards of smoking in a way best calculated to get the message to our young people."

The American Cancer Society says it will open its film library to stations looking for spot commercials and programs. In the past HEW has done little to mount a general advertising campaign against smoking. It should now take the lead in putting together the ads and making sure they are used. The government also should push the FCC to rule that not only "fair time" but "equal time" is given to groups which seek to inform the public about the hazards of smoking. The tobacco growers and the ad agencies and the networks won't like it. But when the "public interest, convenience and necessity" is so clearly on the side of saving lives, their preferences and profits are a distinctly secondary consideration.

Drumming Up Votes For the Poverty Program

The Office of Economic Opportunity is becoming more adroit in the art of bureaucratic survival – and none too soon. Hearings start this week before the House Labor and Education Committee on the President's request for a 25 percent increase in poverty funds. Congress appropriated $1.61 billion for fiscal 1967; Mr. Johnson seeks $2.06 billion for fiscal 1968. More than half of the projected $460 million increase is earmarked for new programs, $135 million for intensified job programs for 100,000 unemployed in 19 cities and $135-million for a continuation of the preschool Head Start program in the early elementary grades. A further breakdown of the $2.06 billion allocates $1.02 billion for community action, including $472 million for Head Start-Follow Through, $649 million for a variety of work programs, most of which are run by the Labor Department, and $295 million for Job Corps.

The knives are out. Revived Republicans are not concealing their hostility toward OEO and Shriver. In April, 10 key GOP House members said they intend to push for an entirely new poverty program, the main features being the complete abolition of OEO, the shifting of most OEO-run programs to other agencies and the phasing out of the troublesome Job Corps. They say frankly that they would like to "completely dismantle" the Shriver operation.

For its part, the Administration hasn't done very much to blunt this GOP offensive. The White House's response was to send Congress a completely rewritten poverty bill which places extremely heavy emphasis on tightened administration of such controversial programs as community action and Job Corps.

A defense of OEO is not all that hard to mount. The requested annual appropriation is considerably less than one month's expenditure for Vietnam. The agency has not abolished poverty (that, as James Tobin noted in these pages several weeks ago, would require a very

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broad attack which the OEO is neither financially nor legislatively qualified to carry out). The key point in any defense is that the Shriver operation is still experimental. It has had barely a year of field experience. In that time it has been innovative and has attracted a cadre of nonbureaucratic talent. Its independence from old-line agencies has made possible useful pilot projects. Despite constant uncertainty of funding, it has been a visible reminder that the poor *are* with us.

Now, without fanfare, the OEO is taking steps to protect itself by organizing potentially powerful groups to lobby Congress to continue not only the poverty program but OEO as the agency administering it.

In its quest for allies OEO is not turning to the poor or to the 1,100 local community action agencies it has brought into being. The poor have little political clout. Instead, OEO is creating new pressure groups of respectable middle- and upper-class Americans from such organizations as the League of Women Voters, the Jaycees and countless big businesses. As Shriver boasted in a May 21 speech in Baltimore, some 350,000 had already volunteered "to help in the antipoverty fight." He said, "This is what this country needs more of – the volunteer spirit."

OEO's new strategy was displayed early in May when some 400 officials of 110 national women's organizations gathered in Washington "to explore how women across the country, individual or by organization, can take a larger role in the war on poverty." Chairman of the conference was Mrs. Robert S. McNamara, a member of OEO's National Advisory Council. As an outgrowth of the conference Shriver named five women, including former Sen. Maurine Neuberger, to serve on an ad hoc committee "to coordinate national volunteer efforts on behalf of the war on poverty." According to Shriver, the committee will "develop proposals on how national organizations, particularly women's organizations, can best mobilize their activities to aid all phases of OEO programs." The most immediate aid these organizations could provide would be grass-roots backing for legislation to finance the program and keep OEO intact.

Shriver has also worked out a $1 million deal with some of the most influential and powerful executives in the country. At a hastily staged press conference in Washington, Shriver disclosed that in the weeks ahead his agency would launch a brand-new job training program which he said was the brainchild of a 60-member group called the Business Leadership Advisory Council (BLAC), headed by Walker Cisler, board chairman of the Detroit Edison Co. and a substantial contributor to the 1964 presidential campaigns of both Johnson and Senator Goldwater. The BLAC, formed early in the war on poverty to advise OEO on matters affecting business, has been dormant for most of its life. But its membership reads like a catalog of Who's Who in Commerce and Industry: Thomas Watson Jr. of IBM; Gerald L. Phillippe, chairman of the board of GE; Carl S. Gerstacker, board chairman of Dow Chemical; Roger P. Sonnabend, president of the Hotel Corporation of America; Edgar Kaiser of Kaiser Industries; James McCormack, head of COMSAT and Stuart T. Saunders, board chairman of the Pennsylvania Railroad. Here is real power, if it can be harnessed to the OEO wagon.

This new job training program, Shriver said, had been worked out at an all-day session of some 30 BLAC members. It is to be started in four cities on a pilot basis at a cost of $1 million and is designed to encourage businessmen to train the unemployed. OEO will reimburse any participating company for losses incurred in taking on the jobless who later wash out. The scheme was labeled the "success insurance program." When pressed for more information Shriver passed the buck to his research director Robert Levine, who in turn let the author of the program, Joseph Kanter, president of the Kanter Corporation of Cincinnati, field the queries. But Kanter, except for some words about business' responsibility to the poor and the value of building character, mainly deferred to Levine, who finally conceded that the specifics still had to be ironed out. As one observer said later: "The whole thing sounds like a government project to protect business against the risks of having a social conscience."

Whatever the merits or deficiencies of "success insurance," OEO was more interested in discussing two resolutions that the BLAC approved during its deliberations. The first pledged the BLAC to "make every endeavor to carry the story of Job Corps, its opportunities and its successes, to the American business community." Job Corps is the most controversial and vulnerable of the OEO programs and the most unpalatable to many congressmen.

The second resolution was a down-the-line endorsement of OEO itself. Noting that its membership was composed of both Democrats and Republicans, the BLAC declared that OEO programs are being "effectively administered," and furthermore, "the success of the OEO program has been made possible by its organization as a central command post in the war on poverty." OEO should continue as "presently structured," because to disperse OEO programs (as House Republicans propose) would "seriously deter the impact of the total campaign."

OEO's stratagem should pay dividends when the legislative going gets tough this summer. With hundreds of thousands of club women, *Look* magazine and *Fortune's* 500 backing OEO, can Gerald R. Ford, Melvin Laird and others be far behind?

EDWARD K. SHANAHAN

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The Conviction of Captain Levy

"There was . . . a cytologist from the zoology department at Harvard who had been shanghaied ruthlessly into the Medical Corps by a faulty anode in an IBM machine and spent his sessions with the dying colonel trying to discuss Moby Dick with him." – Catch-22

Dr. Howard B. Levy wasn't impressed into the army. He entered in July 1965, after being deferred to complete his medical education as a dermatologist. Instead of reading allegories he gave his military patients anti-war lectures, defied the colonel who was his commanding officer, and on June 3 was sentenced to three years at hard labor by a general court-martial at Fort Jackson, Columbia, South Carolina.

The flippant 30-year-old doctor from Brooklyn didn't go down easily. Before the army had the satisfaction of cashiering him, Levy's lawyers, four civilian and two military, had called forth the ghost of Nuremberg, impeached the Uniform Code of Military Justice and brought forward evidence indicating that the service may have some serious personnel and organizational problems. At the least, this court-martial, perhaps the most celebrated in a generation, gave those of us who sat through it the impression that too many army officers are political rustics of savage convictions, little ingenuity and less common sense.

The charges against Levy were preferred by Col. Henry F. Fancy, head of the post hospital, who ordered Levy to cooperate in giving medical training to Special Forces combat soldiers, the famous Green Beret anti-guerrilla fighters. When the doctor refused, Colonel Fancy began disciplinary action of a minor sort.

Levy's chief counsel, Charles Morgan Jr. of the American Civil Liberties Union, extorted a confession from the rather wooden colonel that he had only asked for a general court-martial after being shown a secret intelligence dossier. What the dossier contains was never revealed since it is classified information. Morgan, who has no security clearance, wasn't permitted to look at it, although Capt. Charles Sanders, Levy's army-appointed military counsel was, provided he didn't tell Morgan what the file contained. Thus Morgan had to defend the entire case without knowing the nature of the information which caused the charges against his client to be made. No wonder Morgan kept a copy of Kafka's *The Trial* in his motel room as each day he bellowed that the court-martial was a spit-and-polish lynching.

He was able to bring out that the intelligence agent who showed Fancy the file is a resident of Prosperity, S.C., a small town where Levy in his off hours had helped the local civil rights organization in a voter registration drive. Morgan fell short of proving his accusation that it was the doctor's civil rights work that really got him into trouble, but throughout the trial you got the feeling the captain might have done better if he hadn't been Jewish and something of a pop-off with a splendidly nettlesome manner.

Virtually from the day he arrived in Fort Jackson, two years ago, Levy caused trouble. He refused to join the Officer's Club and got in a stink over it that rose up to the commanding general. Instead of saluting he would wave back at the enlisted men.

If Levy was the most fractious of doctors, his court-martial produced other army physicians who said they also would refuse to train Green Berets. The reasons they offered were professional, namely that the soldiers were being given license to use dangerous drugs on the civilian Vietnamese population with less medical training than an American practical nurse. Several doctors gave their not-so-snappy salutes to the 10-man court-martial and climbed on the witness stand to say they had been intimidated and to hint pretty broadly that if given immunity from reprisals they would have a lot to say in support of Levy.

Col. Richard Coppedge, a career army doctor and a reluctant witness for the defense, told a visibly uncomfortable court that the already wobbly morale of physicians drafted into the service would sag even more if Levy were put in jail. The composite picture of all the doctors' testimony was of widespread resentment at the nearly 100 percent draft of physicians and of considerable discontent at the subordination of medical to military judgment. The signs all pointed to the army's having a serious staff-line tug of war, certainly with the doctors and perhaps with other highly trained, technical personnel.

Off the witness stand several doctors observed that it was among physicians and other professionals that opposition to the war is highest, so that a number of spectators began asking why people in such categories have to be drafted and put under military discipline. Only a small percentage come within 5,000 miles of being shot at; almost nothing they do requires their actually being in the army. They could just as well be in the Public Health Service or some other civilian organization and, in fact, the doctor who took Levy's place at the hospital is a local, civilian dermatologist.

Judging from the training the army gave Levy it too doesn't really think it's necessary to militarize the behavior of people in such technical occupations. Upon

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his arrival Levy had captain's bars slapped on his shoulders and subsequently received six hours of orientation on army usages and organization.

Living off base, unincorporated into the military system, the outspoken 30-year-old Levy was still psychologically and socially a civilian. He continued to act like a civilian, and had he remained one he couldn't have been hauled into a traffic court for what he did, which, in essence, was to voice opinions not so very different from J. William Fulbright's. Legally he was in the army, and when, on duty and in uniform, he pulled his brand of antiwar dialectic on a small number of enlisted men, he pulled a general court-martial at the same time.

If the army had simply tried him for disobedience, the Levy case might not have attracted so much attention, but the authorities elected to try him for his words. These words, both spoken and written in a letter to a sergeant in Vietnam, were in the language of the indictment, unbecoming to a gentleman and an officer as well as uttered to promote disloyalty and disaffection among the troops.

That may have been quite clear to the army, but to civilian lawyer Morgan the charges sounded highly unconstitutional. Noting that the United States Court of Military Appeals had recently ruled that the Miranda decision guaranteeing counsel and other procedural safeguards applied to the armed forces, Morgan reasoned that free speech should apply also. So he went to Federal District Court in Washington and asked a three-judge panel to stop the army from trying Levy.

He lost in a two-to-one decision, with Judge David Bazelon in dissent. Even the majority opinions, however, were tinged with misgivings. The court seemed to be saying "these accusations are vague, ill-defined and probably unconstitutional, but let's see what the army judiciary does with it. If they mess it up, you can come back here."

The army sent Col. Earl V. Brown, its top judge, down from Washington to hear the case. A likeable man, the colonel appeared to have the impossible job of satisfying the federal courts, making an example of the insubordinate Levy and appearing lenient enough so that the army didn't wind up with another Dreyfus case on its hands.

The consequence was a trial of unmatched confusion. Both prosecution and defense fumbled their way, confessing to be at a loss as to what, if any, rules the court was working under. Hearsay, irrelevance and opinion were allowed in "as mitigation," or "subject to connection later," or for no discernible reason. One day out of the blue an astonished courtroom heard a Green Beret testify that he assisted Dr. Levy in removing a wart from the penis of another soldier. In fact, there was so much testimony of this nature that the press began making jokes about "Private Parts, Major Confusion and General Psychosis."

Morgan and the other civilian lawyers complained, unceasingly, that the key words in the accusation, "disloyal and disaffection," were legally incomprehensible, the sour fruit which comes of trying a man for exercising the right of free speech. Only verbatim excerpts can do justice to the miasma:

Morgan: He [Levy] never made you disloyal, did he?

Witness: No.

Morgan: He never made you disaffect, did he?

Witness: What does disaffect mean?

Morgan: I don't know. [Much laughter.]

Brown: Mr. Morgan, if you don't know the questions, don't ask 'em.

Morgan: I don't know the meaning of the word disaffection.

Brown: Well, do not use it in questions then.

Morgan: May I have instructions from the court then as to the meaning of the word?

Brown: You should have asked for it before you asked the question.

Morgan: I asked for a ruling . . . the other day.

Brown: . . . You should have asked me some time ago.

Morgan: I asked you . . . the other day.

Brown: It's not a proper legal proceeding to pose questions and then come back with a quick retort that you don't know the meaning of the words you used in your question.

Morgan: The witness said he didn't know. . . . Colonel, I'm trying to get from you . . . the legal definition of disaffection. [This in the third week of the trial.]

Brown: You don't need it at this time. . . . I told you I'd give you a legal definition . . . at the end of the trial.

Morgan: . . . If I don't know the definition I don't know how to proceed.

Brown: Certainly as a lawyer you can reach that [a working definition] through questions.

Morgan: I don't think I can, Colonel.

Brown: If you can't then maybe you should withdraw from the case.

Under the circumstances Morgan and his colleagues gave up playing man to man and dropped back into a zone defense covering the court with every conceivable kind of argument in hopes of coming up with the right one. The prosecution followed as the trial took up and dropped war crimes, atrocities, race relations, the use of paramedical personnel, the history of the development of the conventions of war, pharmacology, the major diseases of the skin, epidemiology with special reference to venereal disease, the sanctity of the doctor-patient relationship, the morality of war and the need of discipline in the armed forces.

None of the defenses worked. Successively Colonel

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Brown ruled out truth, morality and professional ethics as grounds for acquittal. In a ruling that caused an enormous number of headlines he did say he would allow Green Beret war crimes as a legal excuse for the defying of an order if Morgan could show they were being committed. "I'll need an extra day to prove war crimes," the lawyer replied and the colonel gave him several days to come back with the evidence.

Morgan returned with some pretty grizzly testimony about Americans paying bounty for Viet Cong ears. To some of the spectators it appeared that a *prima facie* case had been made – enough for a grand jury to indict – of American complicity. The colonel, however, ruled that Morgan would have to show a pattern or policy of crimes against humanity, and that he had only shown isolated incidents. The defense argued that enough isolated incidents constituted a pattern, a contention the colonel didn't seem to buy. How a pattern could be proved was left unresolved, much like Brown's ruling that the First Amendment applied to soldiers so long as free speech didn't create a clear and present danger to discipline, which it always seemed to do.

By the second week the defense had conceded losing the court-martial and was now at work building an appellate record. (Levy can appeal up through the army to the civilian United States Court of Military Appeals. If that fails he can go back into the federal judiciary and work his way up the ladder.)

Legally, much of that record must be irrelevant, but for us laymen it reveals some disconcerting army attitudes about people who didn't have the brains to get themselves born white. There was talk by both judge and prosecution to the effect that if the Vietnamese murdered and tortured each other with or without our complicity, life is cheap among the Asiatics. There was, as the defense pointed out, the difficulty that both the colonel and the prosecution had been using the word Negro, even when quoting Levy to the effect that if he were one, he wouldn't go to Vietnam. "Colored," was the word of first preference, and it seemed to meet with the approval of the eight white officers from south of the Mason-Dixon line who with one Nisei and one Negro made up the court-martial.

There was a callousness as when one government witness referred to the VC as "Luke the Gook," or another declared, "If I were a Viet Cong and my medical prospects weren't good I'd rather have a Green Beret shoot me than someone untrained because it's logical to assume that if he didn't kill me, in a few minutes he would help me."

By the trial's end, when the doctor was dragged off to something close to solitary confinement even Levy appeared relieved. If its purpose had been to make the captain repent it had failed, but the trial had called into question the wisdom of conscripting people for a war they despise and will not fight.

"How can you ask American fighting men to lay down their lives in a cause they don't believe in?" the prosecutor had asked during the trial. He was denouncing Levy for promoting disaffection. Yet no matter who it is asked of, the question is valid. If the young men who are chanting, "Hell, no! We won't go!" mean it, conscripting them is little better than drafting them into the penitentiary. NICHOLAS VON HOFFMAN

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Nixon: The Reentry Problem

Old-timers will remember that during a 1960 press conference, President Eisenhower was asked to list the major policy decisions in which Vice President Nixon had participated. In a moment of facetiousness or obtuseness, he replied: "If you give me a week, I might think of one." Seven years later, Nixon is betting all on his ability to convince the electorate that it wasn't so – that he is uniquely qualified to sit at the summit.

After six months of self-imposed silence about his future, in which he killed time touring Europe, the Soviet Union, Southeast Asia and South America, Nixon came back on stage late last month with speeches in Chicago, Toronto and Philadelphia, each tailored to show off his overseasmanship. Each was a recital of doors opened to him abroad by illustrious world figures, many of them old friends from his days as a troubleshooter for Ike.

In Chicago, reporting on Latin America, Nixon held the attention of about 2,000 farm-feed manufacturers with an hour-long analysis of the continent's woes. He reeled off statistics on production, population growth, educational levels and gross national products and let it be understood he had got his information from the horse's mouth: "A Latin American leader who must go unnamed for reasons that will be obvious to you said to me, 'Mr. Nixon, it is time for your country to be blunt. You must tell the Latin American countries to put their houses in order'." It was good advice, Nixon told the feed-makers; his trip convinced him the United States must embark on a "decade of candor"; South American leaders should be told to shape up politically and eco-

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nomically or lose our aid. "I know the ads say your best friend won't tell you," Nixon said in his man-in-the-street style. "But they will. We must tell them."

In Toronto, he defended the US presence in Vietnam as "the cork in the bottle" of World War III – part of a broader mission to assure a free, prosperous Asian community. He listed three points Hanoi must be convinced of before the war can end: a military takeover of the South is impossible; "they can't win the war in the United States"; Washington "has made an offer that is not going to be improved on." Only the first, he said, has been put across; home front dissenters are undermining Point 2; and President Johnson, by changing his conditions for peace, keeps hopes alive on Point 3. But Republicans must support the President, he went on, to let Hanoi know it won't pay "to wait until after the election to get a better deal."

Speaking briefly at a luncheon of the World Affairs Council in Philadelphia and then answering questions, Nixon repeated his Vietnam views and predicted – wrongly, it turned out – there would be no war in the Middle East. Though he had not yet been there this year, he drew on previous visits and on the actions of the Eisenhower Administration during the crisis of the Suez showdown in 1956 to support his expertise.

"Barry loaned me his glasses."

In each place, the audience was duly impressed by the name- and place-dropping. There were references to crises met by the Eisenhower-Nixon Administration in Lebanon, Guatemala and elsewhere, but always updated by reminders of fresh insight ("As the President of Chile told me just last week . . ."). Meetings with the press in each city were a measure of how well Nixon is setting the terms for debate. The foreign policy expert invariably drew more inquiries than Nixon, the undeclared candidate for President.

Why Nixon is playing up foreign policy experience is apparent to anyone who has listened to his current rival for the GOP nomination, George Romney. Nixon delivers his precise if oversimplified answers in a forthright manner. His remarks drip with authority. He has *been* there. Romney rambles and pontificates. His contacts haven't been on the highest level, and the Michigan governor often seems to be apologizing for this fact, belaboring the point that his responsibilities necessarily have been in state matters. Where Nixon uses a press conference to flash his overseas credentials, for Romney, it can be an ambush; his grandiloquence about "America's destiny" seems to lead nowhere.

Meanwhile, business is good in the shiny, new red-white-and-blue Nixon-for-President headquarters, a block west of the White House. Posters of Nixon abroad grace the walls; the latest newsletter trumpets an Opinion Research Corporation poll that shows him 20 points ahead of Romney as "the man most qualified to be President"; 4-to-1 over Romney as the man who "would do the best job for America in dealing with foreign affairs"; nearly 3-to-1 over Romney as the man who, "if elected, would be the most likely to bring the war in Vietnam to a satisfactory conclusion." (Unreported is the reply to another question in the same poll about which candidate has the best chance of winning in 1968; Nixon trails Romney. "Winning is the Name of the Game" is Romney's slogan.)

Now Nixon is off again, this time to 14 countries in Africa and the Middle East, winding up – if conditions by then permit it – in the United Arab Republic and Israel in the third week in June. He will have a whole new roster of places and names to write and talk about. A generous arrangement with *Reader's Digest*, permitting Nixon to write articles that may add up to a campaign book, is financing all this globe-trotting.

When Romney finally takes his turn at travel, with trips to Europe and the Far East later this summer or early fall, Nixon will be well-positioned to sit back and second-guess whatever the governor says from abroad. Predictably, Nixon will do all he can to focus the debate onto foreign policy in the months leading up to the New Hampshire primary next March, virtually certain to be the first 1968 Nixon-Romney face-off.

JULES WITCOVER

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Is Garrison Faking?

The DA, the CIA and the Assassination

by Fred Powledge

New Orleans

It was eight days after the assassination of President Kennedy that I overheard, in Brennan's restaurant in the French Quarter, the conversation of two middle-aged ladies at the next table.

"I'm so sorry it happened," said one of them.

"I am, too," said the other. "But I'm so glad it happened in Dallas and not in New Orleans. It seems like they try to blame everything on New Orleans."

Three and a half years later, there is a six and a half foot tall district attorney who says most of it did happen in New Orleans. If he's wrong, the city may assume the blame for electing one of the most cynical law officers in history.

To many people – and I suspect they constitute a majority among those who know Southern politics and its illogical conclusion, Louisiana politics – it is not important to think of the Garrison investigation even in terms of right or wrong. With these people, it is strictly a question of the man's political motives, nothing more.

The man sitting across the aisle on the plane down to New Orleans was one of these. "I know some of the people involved," he volunteered after the stewardess had delivered the second drink. "I've lived there some time, and I would guess that Garrison, without the slightest doubt, wants very badly to become governor of the state of Louisiana."

And a young man from New York, an Orleanian who knows the city well and who had returned to his parents' home for a few weeks, said a day later in Galatoire's: "I think you'll find that the interest in connecting the investigation with the actual Kennedy assassination, at least among the people I know, is relatively slight." The people he knew, he said, were socially and financially secure. "What's interesting people – what's alive in this investigation – is the credibility of the Warren Commission report, which equals the federal government, which equals the Supreme Court. What Garrison is promising people is the discreditation of federal power."

Then, I said, the investigation must be a hoax. "No," he said. "There's the possibility of disproving the Warren report and, lately, of exposing the intervention of the CIA in local affairs. The big issue among the people I know is whether or not some authority like the CIA which nobody can recognize and control, can willfully conceal the lie of the Warren Commission – that it has devoted its efforts to concealing the errors of the Commission."

How could the CIA do this? "By killing all these people," he said with a sardonic smile. "That's the feeling here in New Orleans."

So, there were people who thought Garrison was perpetrating a hoax, and a good many others who thought he had only a scintilla of evidence that he was trying to compound into real political capital.

I was going to New Orleans to judge for myself, and I already had made up my mind. I believed the conclusion of the Warren report. At least I faintly distrusted anyone who didn't believe it. I remember a cocktail party I attended in New York in December 1963, having just returned from three weeks of writing newspaper stories in Dallas and New Orleans. Most of the people at the party were young activist types, intensely interested in the assassination. A friend of mine asked what I *really* thought, and I replied without hesitation that I thought Oswald did it and did it alone. That friend, and other friends, drifted off. If we couldn't agree on *that*. . . .

I was willing to admit that the Warren Commission had done less than a thorough job. Still, I believed Lee Oswald pulled the trigger and only he had done it.

Furthermore, I was prepared to agree with most of what I had read about the New Orleans investigation and the man running it. Garrison probably was "a bit

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paranoiac," as David Chandler suggested in *New Orleans* magazine, the Chamber of Commerce publication; the legal aspects of the investigation constituted a "Roman circus," as the American Civil Liberties Union of Louisiana put it, and a "travesty of justice," as Hugh Aynesworth wrote in *Newsweek*.

Most of all, I was skeptical of the quality of the witnesses and principals Garrison had named in connection with the case. There was Clay Shaw, a retired businessman whose private life certainly made him vulnerable. There was Vernon Bundy, said to be an important witness (he testified that he saw Shaw and Oswald together), but a man who also is said to be supporting a four-capsule-a-day heroin habit. There was the late David Ferrie, whose interest in homosexuality led him to shave off all his body hair.

There was Perry Russo, said to be one of Garrison's key witnesses, who required hypnotism and truth serum to get his entire story out. There was Dean Andrews, a lawyer who was said to have been in touch professionally with a mysterious homosexual "queen bee," named Clay Bertrand, who was supposed to have been a link between Oswald and the anti-Castro adventurers who, Garrison says, actually killed the President. Andrews, Garrison thought, could recall that Bertrand and Shaw were the same man. (Andrews could not make any such recollection, and the New Orleans grand jury recently indicted him on two counts of perjury. I asked Andrews the other day if he could identify Bertrand if he saw him now. He said he doubted it. "I saw Bertrand one time," he said, "in '56 or '57 or '58 or '59, at a fag wedding reception. You ever go to a wedding reception that long ago and remember anybody you saw there?")

And there was Gordon Novel, 29, the former owner of a bar in the French Quarter who was questioned a few times by Garrison's men, but who then left town in a hurry. Garrison got a warrant for Novel's arrest, swearing before a judge that he had "good reason to believe" that Novel was a "most important" witness.

Garrison also wanted to bring Novel back to face charges of conspiring to burglarize a munitions bunker at Houma, Louisiana, in 1961. The burglary, newsmen around New Orleans believe, was part of an attempt to get ammunition to use against Castro. Another man named by the district attorney's office as having taken part in that burglary attempt was David Ferrie.

Garrison accused Novel of having been an employee of the CIA at the time of the 1961 Bay of Pigs invasion. After the DA's warrant was issued, Novel disappeared for a while, then turned up in McLean, Virginia, where a wire service quoted the operator of a lie detector machine as saying Novel was telling the truth when he called Garrison's case a fraud. The story, as printed in *The New York Times*, described McLean as a "Washington suburb." It also is the headquarters of the Central Intelligence Agency. Novel later appeared briefly in Nashville, where he was allegedly shot at by a sniper or snipers unknown.

The list of witnesses and principals – the people on whom Garrison was building his case – seemed like characters out of Bob Dylan's *Desolation Row*. Reeling, as some of them were, under doses of Sodium Pentothal and hypnotism, and fearing, as some of them did, that their private lives would suddenly become public, they seemed totally unreliable. And so did the whole Garrison case, or at least incredible. The best I could do would be to summon as much fairness as possible; objectivity was out of the question.

The Louisiana Gamble

New Orleans calls itself "the City that Care Forgot," and you still can get some of the finest food in America there, but when you aren't hungry it can be a drab and phony town. It is supposed to be wicked, but it isn't. The strippers on Bourbon Street display little that is of interest; the most disillusioning thing about each of them is the complete predictability of their pasties and G-strings. A man loose on Bourbon Street can drink the thin liquor all night without getting tipsy, and before long he may start cataloging not wickedness but the number of appendectomy scars, varicose veins, Band-Aids and tattoos that he sees on those gum-chewing girls dancing on the back bar.

There is a shop in the French Quarter whose sign advertises "Antiques – Weapons – Bric-a-Brac," and there are souvenir shops that sell white supremacy license plates, and there is the complete and badly weathered cinder block sterility of the rest of the city. But New Orleans is still the only place in the world where a city slicker can really be comfortable and see Southern rural politics at the same time.

Everybody in New Orleans is a gambler, and everybody gambles on something far more exciting than horses or the egg futures. They gamble on politicians, judging every contestant against memories of Huey and Earl Long, the way a horse gambler remembers Man o' War. It is a game which assumes that every player is dishonest, and, unless you're one of the few local disciples of "good government," dishonesty doesn't count against a politician. It is tolerated, even celebrated as part of the game.

There is a bridge across the Mississippi River that has toll gates on one end that collect no tolls. Governor John McKeithen, one of his supporters explained, promised during his campaign to eliminate the toll, and he did. This, I thought, may be an act unique in American politics. Imagine: a toll bridge that no longer collects a toll! But the joke, if that's what it is, doesn't

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stop there. One of McKeithen's critics points out that the extravagant campaign promise has kept other, badly needed bridges from being built. "That's Louisiana politics," he said. "They give you a nickel and steal a million from you at the same time. But if you quote me by name on this I will call you a crocus sack full of crawfish." Then he said mysteriously: "The object of the entire caper's for white trash to run the world. If the caper's pulled off, it's George Wallace for President and Garrison for Vice President, with Russell Long getting an act passed to make it easier for Wallace to run.

"You go dig on that theory and you'll come closer than anybody else. Do you know who the White Roach is? He's the key to the whole deal. He's the one who'll set Wallace up for presidential candidate. Go check Russell Long out. Put two and two together and you will see that the man named the White Roach creeps through all of these people. Now it's up to you to find out who the White Roach is."

I ventured the name of a colorful Louisiana politician and racist. "God damn," exclaimed my informant. "You've got it. You've got nine-tenths of it right now."

Rubin and Bringuier

Steve Rubin, a young English teacher who is a Louisiana national board member for the American Civil Liberties Union, was stopped outside his home by a neighbor, a pleasant, drawling man who wanted to know if Rubin had noticed the frequency with which telephone repairmen had been climbing poles around the house.

"I think my phone is being tapped," said Rubin, whose organization has been critical of Garrison's methods. "Some of this is paranoia, of course. But I get clicks and echoes and disconnects."

Inside, over a cup of coffee, Rubin gave his impressions of the New Orleans situation. "The typical New Orleans answer to the thing," he said, "is to say, 'Damn, it stinks, but Garrison wouldn't be doing it if he didn't have something'. A good many people who bet on it hedge their bets because they say Garrison has never lost yet. He's on to *something*, and I would italicize the *something*. Whether he's on to a conspiracy that really resulted in the death of President Kennedy is problematical. I've gotten increasingly skeptical of his case as it went on."

Carlos Bringuier, who is the New Orleans delegate to the Cuban Student Directorate, an anti-Castro organization, was visited by Lee Oswald in the summer of 1963. Oswald said he wanted to help fight Castro, but he looked fishy to Bringuier. A few days later, Bringuier saw Oswald handing out Fair Play for Cuba leaflets and he got into a fight with him. When I first saw Carlos Bringuier, it was a few days after the assassination. We were drinking Cuba libres. Bringuier, who was a criminal court secretary in Havana before his exile, was making a little money managing Casa Roca, a dry-goods store, and coordinating anti-Castro efforts at the same time. He was, and still is, one of the few people involved in any of this mess who sound honest when they say they are not employed by any spy agency.

Now he runs his own store, Casa Cuba, two doors away from Casa Roca. He started the business on $300. He has a fine home in Gretna, across the Mississippi, a beautiful wife, a flock of children, and two cars. On one of the cars is a bumper sticker supporting the war in Vietnam, and on the other is a decal depicting a caterpillar holding a Cuban flag in one hand and a shotgun in the other, with the proclamation, *Volveremos* ("we shall return"). Bringuier also has a complete set of the Warren Commission reports, and he is writing a book that argues that Lee Oswald was, indeed, the assassin.

"Oswald did it, and he did it in the way that the Warren Commission said," he argued one night. "But I differ with the Warren Commission on the motivation. The motivation was that he was at least influenced by his commitment to communism, or he was ordered to do it by the Castro government."

As for Jim Garrison, he said, "I think he needs psychiatric treatment."

"As a matter of fact, there is more of a basis for the idea that *Garrison* knew Oswald before the assassination than there is any connection between Oswald and the CIA or anti-Castro Cubans or with David Ferrie." He plucked Vol. XVI of the Warren report from the shelf, turned to Exhibit 93, and quoted from a memorandum Oswald had written about his own background: "I infiltraled the Cuban Student directorite and than harrased them with information I gained including having the N.O. city attorney general call then in an put a restraining order pending a hearing on some so-called bonds for invasion they were selling in the New Orleans area." [*Sic.*]

Bringuier said this meant that Oswald had somehow got in touch with Garrison, who would be the "N.O. city attorney general," and gotten Garrison to put an end to the bond drive. New Orleans authorities, he said, *did* stop the sale of the invasion bonds. "There is more solid information to link Oswald with Garrison right here," said Bringuier, snapping his thumb against the book, "than there is to link him with anyone else."

On May 21, Garrison went on television and said something publicly that, according to the local reporters, he had been saying off the record since last winter. He said that Oswald had not killed anybody in Dallas,

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and that the assassination had been the work of anti-Castro adventurers.

WWL-TV's programming department declined to let me listen to a tape of the program because, according to a young woman there, "this is a commercial venture with us, and we're selling it. We're not *giving* this valuable property away."

A few days later, Garrison told the Associated Press the same thing. He said the assassins were former CIA employees who were angered at President Kennedy's posture on Cuba following the Bay of Pigs disaster, and that the CIA was frustrating his investigation, although the agency knew the whereabouts of the assassins.

Bern Rotman, the news editor of the rival (and much more professional) WDSU-TV, commented a couple of days after the WWL-TV interview:

"Garrison's always left himself an out, and in fact many of his critics are saying he's developing his out right now, by bringing the CIA in. How can the CIA protect itself? He is saying in effect that unless they come up with the answer and give information that *he* says exists, they are obviously withholding information and stymieing the whole investigation. How can he lose that way?"

Aaron M. Kohn, the managing director of the Metropolitan Crime Commission of New Orleans Inc., and a good government man, is no friend of Jim Garrison's. "What you're looking at," he said, "is a budding new Huey Long, a man who once sat there across the table from me and said to me that Huey Long was the man who had all the political answers.

"If you study Huey Long, you see many of the same things at work. Garrison never lets the responsibilities of being a prosecutor interfere with being a politician. His primary asset is being a calculated, deliberate, self-conscious showman, and he really believes his showmanship is what attracts support from the people, and that they do not evaluate what he actually does."

Garrison, he said, has assumed "the classic stance of the demagogue." He is appealing, said Kohn, to a prejudice that he knows burns brightly in his constituents – hatred for federal authority.

"No matter how his investigation turns out," said Kohn, "I'm no longer interested in whether he's right. His course is a destructive one. The only issue now is the integrity of the criminal justice system."

A friend of Garrison's, Pershing Gervais, his former chief investigator, a man who now describes himself as a civil bondsman, investigator and consultant (which means, he said, "kicking doors, kicking asses and squeezing a ball or two"), blames the news media and the Washington Establishment for much of Garrison's trouble. "The Establishment," he said, "has the same attitude that the mob has: 'We must never blow the whistle on one another'. Garrison just won't play ball with them the way most politicians play ball. He does not adhere to the rules of the secret brotherhood. He is obnoxious to them."

What Garrison Says

Jim Garrison's office is at one end of the second floor of a horrible-looking building on Tulane Avenue. Once past the receptionist's desk, a visitor goes down a long hallway, past rooms where young men in short-sleeved shirts and with snug pistol holsters sit listening to tape recordings.

A friend had warned me to be careful when Garrison stamped his foot down on the floor behind his desk. That would mean he was switching on a concealed tape recorder. I didn't recall hearing his foot stamp down, and the district attorney let me set up my own recording machine on his desk.

I asked him what sort of a man he thought he was. He hesitated a long time. Then he said: "The *people* seem to understand, when there's a fight, that I'm fighting for the principles involved, but I find that many people in public life tend to regard it cynically. Again, that's their prerogative, but I am conscious of the fact that I can feel very strong and refuse to compromise when a principle that is meaningful and important to me is involved.

"I can't explain why, and I'm not trying to describe myself as virtuous, because on balance I think I'm very much like other people. But in this area I won't even consider compromises. I never consider the consequences."

He talked about his cleanup of whores, hustlers and B-girls on Bourbon Street a few years ago, a cleanup that some of his critics maintain did little good but which, an empirical examination shows, was *bona fide* to the point where the street is less interesting now than most television commercials.

During the course of talking about Bourbon Street, Garrison stood up behind his desk, and all of a sudden he became six feet, six inches tall. The pistol on his hip looked out of place in the same office with the 13 antique volumes of Shakespeare on his desk, but so did *An ABZ of Love* that was on another desk.

Bourbon Street, he said, worked "because we would not compromise. And this investigation is going to be a complete success for the same reason. They can only delay it; they can't prevent it."

I asked who "they" was; this sounded like an opportunity to document those allegations of paranoia. Garrison's reply sounded strangely right: "They" were the CIA, some newsmen who were overzealous in questioning witnesses, and other newsmen who were trying outright to change the witnesses' minds. "The

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interference with witnesses on the part of some elements of the press, and especially the national government, is reaching the point of being historic," he said.

"But I would say that in spite of that, this investigation is going to reach a successful culmination. I don't think anything in the world can stop it. We know that we can demonstrate to the satisfaction of every rational individual on this earth not only that Lee Oswald did not shoot the President, but that he was shot by individuals connected with the – Cuban adventurers, at an earlier stage, and also, at an earlier stage, connected with the Central Intelligence Agency."

Could he prove that, even if the CIA didn't cooperate? (I remembered Bern Rotman's thesis.) "Yes. Even if they don't cooperate. Because we have them by the big toe. I'm sure that they think we can't, but . . . we can, without a shadow of a doubt. It isn't speculation. We have talked to people involved, and the possibility exists now of their becoming state witnesses – an incredibly wonderful development. The only thing that's keeping it from developing, that causes them to be slow and to hold off and just to send initial feelers, is the tremendous pressure coming from some of the Eastern press, especially those with connections with the Administration. . . ."

Garrison listed among those organizations the National Broadcasting Company, *Newsweek*, and, "to a lesser extent, because it doesn't have that much impact, *The Saturday Evening Post*."

I couldn't contradict that. I had known, since the assassination, that the most influential purveyors of news in the nation had gone out of their way to present the Warren Commission side of the story, and to ignore or downplay those who dissented. One organ of communication, I later learned, even sought the CIA's advice on how to treat a story about the investigation. This, if Garrison's allegations of CIA involvement are correct, is roughly comparable to a newspaper's asking "Bull" Connor how he would handle a story on the Birmingham Freedom Ride massacre, and then following his advice.

"A True Picture"

The district attorney reached down below his desk and came up with a long, cylindrical black object. He turned on a switch, and a bright, sharp arrow of light shot across the room and focused on two enormous photographic enlargements of the assassination scene. One was an aerial photograph of the Triple Underpass in Dallas; the other showed the President's motorcade passing what assassination buffs refer to as the grassy knoll. The arrow traced idle paths across the picture as Garrison talked.

"We're interested in developing a true picture. But in the course of doing that, culpability on the part of one agency has come up starkly clear, and that is the Central Intelligence Agency. We have found *conclusively* that individuals connected as employees of the CIA at an earlier date ended up in Dallas, Texas, with Lee Harvey Oswald, and if the CIA thinks that I cannot and will not prove it, they are going to have the surprise of their life."

Garrison said his investigation had begun with an examination of what Oswald was like, and what he did, while he was in New Orleans prior to the assassination. (The Warren Commission had declared that, "During his stay in New Orleans, Oswald formed a fictitious New Orleans Chapter of the Fair Play for Cuba Committee." His interest in the pro-Castro committee, proponents of the commission view say, was yet another indication that Oswald was a Marxist and that this was a factor in his shooting the President.)

But Garrison said he felt differently. "One of the first things that became apparent," he said, "was that Fair Play for Cuba was a façade, that he was not a communist, and that he was associated, exclusively associated, with *anti*-Castro people. So that there has never been any other basic operating theory for us in this case."

And now, he said, "The only remaining problem as I see it is the matter of gathering together all those essential pieces of evidence which follow an understanding but precede a trial. I feel like we can go to trial tomorrow morning." The case, he said, will be solved "in the course of time, but I'm not going to be rushed into doing it on somebody else's timetable."

His own timetable was uncertain: "There'd be no way for me to know how long it's going to take, now that it is apparent that the Central Intelligence Agency and, with help from other elements in the Justice Department, have decided that this is a fight – a survival sort of fight."

Garrison aimed the lighted arrow at a fuzzy shadow in one of the photographs. "Is that from the Zapruder film?" I asked. "No," he said, pointing quickly to another shadow. "That's Zapruder there. He's holding his camera up, see?"

He swept the beam diagonally across the photograph, from the lower left to the upper right. "They ran up the hill there and threw the guns away." Garrison maintains that at least two pairs of men took part in the shooting, with one pair disposing of the cartridges and the guns.

It was as if he was tracing the path of something that was known, that was commonly accepted, something like a planet or a star.

"It's a *fact?*," I halfway asked, halfway said.

"Yes," he said. "It's a fact."

He drew in a deep breath and added: "The fact is

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that of the 19 witnesses, 18 heard the shooting coming from the grassy knoll. That was their original testimony. Lord knows *what* they're saying now."

He picked up one of the Warren Commission volumes and pointed the illuminated arrow at its cover. "I say that because of the presidential seal on the outside of these 26 volumes." The strength of the seal, he said, undoubtedly has influenced some witnesses to tell what they know are "acceptable" stories of what they heard and saw that day.

"We've determined that every attorney in the case, except one, who we're not sure of, who's taken a posture of obstruction, has been paid by the CIA through an intermediary."

Novel and the CIA

Just as he was saying that, one of his assistants walked into the office, smiling and holding high the salmon-colored final edition of the *New Orleans States-Item*. The lead headline said: NOVEL CIA AGENT, ATTORNEY ADMITS.

The story quoted the attorney for Gordon Novel, the witness whom Garrison had termed "most important," as acknowledging that his client had been an agent in New Orleans in 1961. The attorney, Steven Plotkin, said Novel had acted as an intermediary between the CIA and Cuban invaders.

The admission followed the *States-Item's* discovery of a letter it said Novel had written earlier this year, in terribly military bureaucratic language, to a "Mr. Weiss," asking to be taken "out of this thing." The letter said, in part: "This letter is to inform you that District [Attorney] Jim Garrison has subpoenaed myself and an associate to testify before his Grand Jury on matters which may be classified TOP SECRET. Actions of individuals connected with DOUBLE-CHEK CORPORATION in Miami in the first quarter of 1961." (Double-Chek was the code name of the CIA front that recruited pilots and others for the Cuban invasion.) Novel's letter also suggested to "Mr. Weiss," whoever he is, that "Appropriate counteraction relative to Garrison's inquisition concerning us may best be handled through military channels *vis à vis* the DIA man." (DIA stands for Defense Intelligence Agency, which had the job of watching over the CIA after the invasion turned into a fiasco.)

"Garrison is presently colonel in Louisiana Army National Guard and has ready reserve status," continued the letter, which sounded a lot as if its author wanted Garrison's military status reviewed in the way draft-card burners and other dissidents have had their Selective Service status upgraded.

As Garrison read the newspaper story, he smiled, perhaps for the second or third time that afternoon. "We knew the *States-Item* has the letter," he said, handing me a copy of the document that had been lying on his desk all afternoon. "But it makes us feel good that they finally decided to run it."

Two other assistants burst in with their copies of the paper. "Once in a while," said Garrison, "we expect to see a piece of the truth pop up to the surface. This is one of those times."

There was nothing in what Garrison said, and nothing in what any of his friends said, that might convince a reasonably skeptical man that the district attorney was right. A great deal of Garrison's case, as he himself has pointed out, must necessarily await the trials that he has promised. And even then a reasonable man might not be convinced. The presidential seal on the covers of the 26 volumes *is* a powerful persuader. It alone might cause a reasonable man to reject a theory that places a group of anti-Castro adventurers on that grassy knoll at a time when so many of us want badly to believe otherwise.

The nature of the people who have aligned themselves with various conspiracy theories, too, might tend to make a reasonable man wary of Jim Garrison and his flamboyant proclamations. And a reasonable man would take into consideration Jim Garrison's own personality. Maybe he does consider himself persecuted, and maybe he does look like a budding Huey Long (although both of these qualities would make him one of our more human elected officials). And the strange collection of witnesses and defendants that has been assembled so far is not a powerful argument for his case, either.

But still, as I left Garrison's office with the final edition of the *States-Item* under my arm, I had the irrational feeling that he was on to something. I had the equally startling feeling that it did not really matter if Garrison were paranoid, opportunistic, flamboyant, or if his witnesses were not candidates for *The Defenders*. Was he *right?*

It *was* possible that the Central Intelligence Agency, given what little the public knows of its methods and philosophies, is covering up important information. It *was* possible (a certainty, in my mind) that the news media, in their haste to protect what they feel is the national security or to keep the nation from getting panicked, have tried so hard to believe the Warren report that they have overlooked their primary news function. (*The New York Times* printed the acknowledgement by Gordon Novel's lawyer that Novel had been a CIA agent, but the story was four paragraphs long, incomplete, unedifying, and under the bridge column on page 44.)

I myself had tried hard to believe the Warren report, and now, against my will and my better judgment, I was powerfully tempted to believe Jim Garrison.

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"Ladies and Gentlemen, Do Not Despair..."

From a Correspondent in Geneva

The principal avenue along Geneva's lake shore was decorated with posters reading *Pacem in Terris*. In the Grand Ballroom of the Hotel Intercontinental, klieg lights and cameras were focused on some 400 personages from 70 countries who came to talk about peace. They were brought here by the Center for the Study of Democratic Institutions in Santa Barbara, California, at a cost to the Investors Overseas Service Inc. of something over half a million dollars.

The UN Secretary General, U Thant, his head 10-feet tall on a television screen, addressed the gathering from New York City by way of a communications satellite in outer space (at a cost of $18,000 for five minutes). A Cardinal in regalia sent a message from Pope Paul.

To make sure that nothing was said that could not be heard around the world, the conference planners welcomed an array of press men. The managing editor of *The New Republic* crossed the Atlantic to cover it – although he promptly went on to Tel Aviv, persuaded at the last moment that *Bellum in Terris* might be more newsworthy than *Pacem in Terris*. James Reston of *The New York Times* also crossed the ocean, and after 24 hours went on to Cairo for the same reason. The lack of secrecy was thoroughly planned. A Madison Avenue advertising firm had gone after all of the participants in advance to obtain material for publicity on each individually.

The opportunity to star for five minutes before a captive audience including any number of ambassadors, foreign ministers, ex-presidents of Republics, parliamentary leaders, archbishops, university presidents, and such important people as Senator Fulbright, Martin Luther King, Gaston Deferre, John Kenneth Galbraith, Mme. Pandit, Pietro Nenni, Princess Tiao Moune Souvanna Phouma and Martin Niemöller, as well as appearing on TV and having one's words published in the proceedings – all this was not conducive to the abnegation of the ego. Still, there was less of this than one might have expected. Those present did not simply echo government positions. To some extent this was true even of those from what they called "Socialist" countries. ("Communist" is out.) One of them, a Czech theologian, did not disguise the fact that he stood in intellectual opposition to the Marxism with which he practiced a friendly coexistence.

But the organizers of the conference had bad luck. They were prepared for Vietnam. But how could they have foreseen that as they met to talk peace, Nasser would flaunt the objective of exterminating Israel, the Soviet Union would send warships into the Mediterranean to back him up, the American Sixth Fleet would weigh anchor, the Gulf of Aqaba would be sealed, that another war would be only a week away?

The organizers had gambled (and lost) on bringing together participants from North Vietnam and the National Liberation Front, along with South Vietnamese. They had even visited Hanoi for the purpose. But North Vietnam and the National Liberation Front would not play, nor would Peking. The Russians arrived, but the sudden, new hardness of Russian policy brought a last-minute refusal to participate, attributed to solidarity with the North Vietnamese. Thereupon the East Germans announced that they too were under instructions to abstain. (When this latter instruction was reversed 24 hours later, they entered the convocation to the sound of cheers and found themselves twice as welcome as they would have been if they had not begun by saying no.)

So West Germans and East Germans for the first time sat together on a public platform and discussed what they had in common and what not. In its way, this was educational, for one saw how the West German plea for a united Germany, with claims to what has become Western Poland, aroused the apprehensions of all Europeans present, while the East German plea for the continuation of two Germanys was generally received with favor.

The conference also administered an educational shock to Americans whose contacts with Europe had been no better than intermittent in recent months. A Thai spoke in favor of US policy in Southeast Asia and was applauded by an individual here or there, while a New Zealander said that Americans were not wicked. But even the best-informed of the visiting Americans were surprised by the extent to which the US now looks to others like the new bogeyman of the international world, in succession to Stalin's Russia.

Virtually no one, the visitors realized, takes seriously the old language of the late 1940's, still current in official Washington, according to which the US is engaged in containing "the communist conspiracy" in Southeast Asia. In the common view of the rest of the world, by far the greatest military power on earth is engaged in systematically beating up a little Asian people that refuses to cry "Uncle." Senator Brooke of Massachusetts came the closest, after the Thai, to hinting at a defense of US policy, but none of the other Americans present even bothered to try. Senator Clark of Pennsylvania said: "Ladies and gentlemen, do not despair of the United States of America." Many made a visible effort to follow his advice.

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STANLEY KAUFFMANN *Memory Lane*

The first volume of Harold Nicolson's diaries and letters, excellently edited by his son Nigel, covered the years 1930-1939. (See *NR* November 12, 1966.) The second volume*, equally well edited, covers the years of World War II. There will be a third running to 1964. The first volume was fascinating social history and political commentary by an outside-insider – a man in politics who was close to many of the leaders but who was never himself a leader. The second volume does more than merely sustain these elements; the interest of his views of the British class structure and of behind-the-scenes political life is intensified by the war. Only one-twentieth of the available material has been used. (The entire manuscript will later be opened to scholars.) The paring has been done by Nigel Nicolson to avoid repetition and stale matters. His skill in selection not only weaves a whole fabric, it presents a revealing portrait of the diarist.

Throughout the first volume Harold Nicolson wrestled with the shaping of his character and the making of his career. No longer. He was 53 at the outbreak of war (although he seems to consider himself ancient), and the question of his possible greatness, which he debated rather ingenuously in his earlier years, now is settled in his mind. In 1941 he writes:

> "Always up till now I have been buoyed up by the hope of writing some good book or achieving a position of influence in politics. I know now that I shall never write a book better than I have written already, and that my political career is at an end."

The literary prognosis was sound. The political prediction was a bit extreme, the result of his depression at the moment. (Churchill had made him a minor member of the government in 1940 and after a year had sacked him because of political maneuvering, not because of Nicolson's failure. He continued in Parliament until 1945.) In this volume the diarist realizes he is "not Prince Hamlet nor was meant to be."

Curiously, this changed attitude to self seems to have touched the writing of his diary. It is a shade less delicate and acute than that in the first volume. To be sure, there is never anything like ineptness, and there are plenty of acute observations and phrases. ("The bells of Grenoble emit a soft, lazy sound which quietens the nerves. Then the sun rose – not a silent sun like ours, but a talkative sun.") But sometimes comment descends to the bathetic. ("Our War Room is perfectly thrilling.") And sometimes the authentically, even admirably aristocratic tone seems touched with Wodehouse:

> ". . . As I cross into Oxford Circus, I see a poster, '*Prince of Wales* and *Repulse* sunk'. The whole circus revolves in the air and I lose my breath. To the Beefsteak [Club] as quick as I can, where I have a glass of sherry to revive me. When disaster comes, we always flock to the Beefsteak to comfort each other."

Such passages may, as I guess, be unconsciously connected with his concentration on himself as *character* – the English gentleman – and the abandonment of dreams of literary or political eminence; still those ideals of class had always been important to him. Now the war put those ideals severely on trial. He and his wife, V. Sackville-West, thought that their aristocratic traditions were being dissipated, that class standards might not survive the war. (They were wrong; those standards were somewhat debased but not obliterated.) They wrote each other often about their belief in oligarchy – and there were plentiful opportunities for correspondence since she remained in their country house, Sissinghurst, almost never traveling up to London. Despite Nicolson's views on this subject, however, he was not a Tory. For electoral reasons he was a member of a splinter group called the National Labour Party, but he says that by nature he was an Asquithian Liberal. He saw the importance of the Beveridge Report on social planning as soon as it was issued (in 1942 – in mid-war!), although his wife took it as one more dreary symptom of approaching gray uniformity.

No social prejudice was more clear in his mind all his life than his antipathy to Jews, even through the war; and if good marks can be given for honesty on this subject, then he deserves them. ("Although I loathe anti-Semitism, I do dislike Jews.") Is there a God? When Nicolson stood for reelection in 1945, he was defeated by – the reader has guessed it – a Jew.

These diaries and letters are not a primary historical source about the war years. The exemplary notes by his son point out errors, misconceptions, wrong predictions. But these pages provide a vivid record of what it was like to *live through* the war years as an MP, in and out of London, including the initial despair (Nicolson and his wife carried poison pellets in the early years to avoid capture and humiliation), the strain, the turning of the tide, and the occasional surprising pockets of luxury. An example of the latter: in 1944 a friend gives Nicolson a lunch of "salmon and stuffed eggs, plover, a chocolate cream." One does not begrudge it to him even in retrospect, but it is a remarkable menu for war-rationed Britain, particularly noteworthy as he says this friend *always* provides "a marvelous lunch." And more particularly as this friend was Juan Negrin, the refugee former Republican Prime Minister of Spain!

Again, as in the first volume, there are many sharp lights on important figures. For me, three men stand out. First, it becomes clear again, and justly, that Anthony Eden was a statesman of honor and ability, that the subsequent Suez debacle of 1956 ought not to wipe out the record of his whole career. Second, it is clear that de Gaulle, whom Nicolson saw often presumably be-

(Continued on page 27)

**Harold Nicolson* The War Years 1939-1945. Volume II of Diaries and Letters. Edited by Nigel Nicolson (Atheneum: $8.50).

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Fathers and Sons

by Philip Toynbee

It seems, from the outside, as if there were something very like a recognizable school of American-Jewish fiction. At least there are a great many Jewish writers in America whose principal purpose and function is the exploration of a specifically Jewish experience; the attempt to define various forms of Jewish identity. All this may seem so obvious, even inevitable, to American readers that it is worth pointing out that no such phenomenon is to be found in England. It is an odd thought that our most distinguished Jewish writer is probably Leonard Woolf, a man so utterly assimilated into a particular section of the English upper middle class that he seems to have shed every trace of exoticism which may ever have encompassed him. (I hasten to add that Woolf has never *tried* to be un-Jewish: simply his background – public school and Cambridge; the British Colonial Service and the high artistic atmosphere of Bloomsbury – have left far more obvious marks on him than his Jewish origins have been able to leave.)

Fathers
by Herbert Gold
(Random House; $5.95)
The Chosen
by Chaim Potok
(Simon and Schuster; $5.95)

If I am right in recognizing the existence of an American-Jewish school then it is equally clear that some writers who are both Jewish and American do not belong to it. Lionel Trilling, for example, clearly belongs elsewhere. But I take it that both Mr. Gold and Mr. Potok belong to the school – by which I mean that it is a critical convenience to treat them in this way. It is also a critical obligation to point out that they are very different from each other. And the difference is made all the plainer by the astonishing parallels which can be drawn between the two books.

Both novels are at least semi-autobiographical, and both are primarily concerned with the relationship of sons to fathers. In both the fathers had migrated from Western Russia to America in the early years of the century. In both, the tension springs from a typical hen-and-duckling relationship: fathers who have never been able to turn themselves into Americans are in loving but painful conflict with sons who are American by both birth and inclination. It is an old theme, not only because the conflict between sons and fathers is a perennial theme everywhere, but also because a major American preoccupation has always been the conflict, in the American mind and soul, between a Europe which has never been quite rejected and a native American mind which has never stood quite on its own without being very conscious of its novel and exhilarating stance. Under one aspect the tension which gives life to both these novels is the same as the tension which enlivened Turgenev's *Fathers and Sons*; under another aspect both Mr. Gold and Mr. Potok are pursuing the old Europe-America dichotomy which fed the imagination of Henry James.

But how pleasant to report that with so much raw material in common these two good books have little else in common. *Fathers* is all violent color, ribaldry, wit and excess. *The Chosen* is grey, delicate, melancholy and recounted in an unmodulated minor key. The principal father in Mr. Gold's book is a robust small shopkeeper in Cleveland, who ends as a dealer in real estate. He is irreligious and entirely uneducated; a vigorous child of nature; aggressive, careless, affectionate. "Who speaks of love often has sad eyes. My father, who spoke mainly of trouble and work, pain and disaster, had laughing eyes, delighted from within not by the spectacle of life, not by the contemplation of it, but by the living of life. . . . I thought knowledge and power came of love. My father found love and power in his mastery of the world. I believed the abyss between my father and me, between others and me, could be crossed. My father did what he could and rested there. He thought he might as well be content in his insecurity." In other (and less adequate) words, the hero of Mr. Gold's novel is an intellectual and his father is not.

Nearly everyone is an intellectual in Mr. Potok's book. Of the two fathers one is a Hasidic rabbi of the most extreme orthodoxy; the other a liberal Jewish schoolmaster whose religious belief, though still the strongest force in his life, has been at least partially secularized. The narrator is the son of the second father – a brilliant boy-mathematician and philosopher who has never doubted that for all his secular brilliance it is his vocation to become a rabbi. The son of the first father, on the other hand, has been brought up from birth with the fixed idea that he is to succeed his father in the religious guidance of this small Brooklyn community; yet this boy, himself of precocious and almost incredible Talmudic learning, finally rejects the succession which has been pressed upon him and escapes into the wider academic world.

Mr. Gold's novel has a curiously seductive quality. I am not usually captivated by this particular form of Jewish excess, which inflates every character into a near-caricature and which drips and runs over with tears-behind-laughter. Mr. Gold can be shockingly corny at times, and his folksiness is always threatening to swamp him. ("Every sky has its own magic if a man knows how to put it there.") But he can also write with a wonderful and very individual power, canalizing his ferocious energies and creating exactly the effect that he intended. He is funny; he is charming; he is, by the end of the book, irresistible, even if one is left with the uneasy feeling that one should have fought rather harder against him. Mr.

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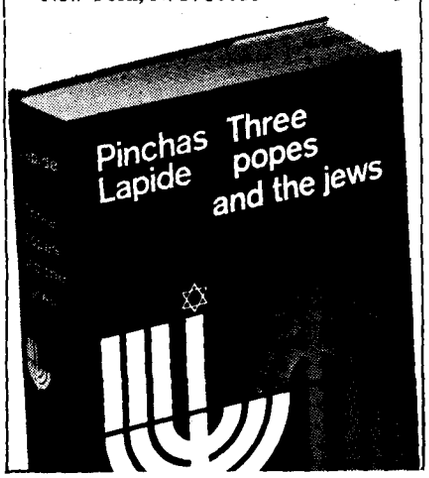

Gold operates on the borders of vulgarity.

Mr. Potok operates on the borders of sentimentality: he can be dreadfully wet at times, with all that sweet wisdom of the Jewish tradition and the age-old moral lessons that every boy must learn. Nor is Mr. Potok a verbal manipulator in the same class as Mr. Gold: he writes rather feebly for too much of the time, using too many exhausted phrases and dead words. Nevertheless *The Chosen* is a fascinating book in its own right. Few Jewish writers have emerged from so deep in the heart of orthodoxy: fewer still have been able to write about their emergence with such an unforced sympathy for both sides and every participant.

Mr. Gold's book is full of individual characters – some of them, as I have implied, so individual that they lose themselves in the brilliant clothing with which their creator has adorned them. Mr. Potok's figures are not really characters at all: they are more like humors or figures from the *Commedia dell' Arte*. Both the fathers and both the sons have been awarded parts to play, roles to fulfill. They play them very well indeed: the points are deftly made. And yet, if I were obliged to make a judgment between these two fine books, I would certainly give the palm to Mr. Gold. It is better to go too far than not to go far enough. Characters which are larger than life, and more highly colored than anyone we ever saw or knew, are more memorable than figures who have been created only for the too obvious purpose of representing an attitude or a generation. I shall not quickly forget the strange Hasidic community which Mr. Potok has painted with so much impressionistic skill. But I shall remember even longer, Mr. Gold's scarcely credible father and provision merchant.

The Dream of What We Were

by Max Byrd

This collection of essays by the late Perry Miller of Harvard is intended to stand as a companion piece to his earlier *Errand into the Wilderness*. Like that brilliant first volume, *Nature's Nation* assembles from a wide variety of places and times Miller's most important pronouncements on what turns out in the end to be a single spacious theme. The chapters of *Errand into the Wilderness* added up, as Miller said, to "a rank of spotlights on the massive narrative of the movement of European culture into the vacant wilderness of America." Those of *Nature's Nation*, aside from an ancillary few which treat things Puritan, focus intensely not on a narrative but on a problem, the formation of American national identity during the Romantic years of the 19th century.

Nature's Nation
by Perry Miller
(Harvard; $7.50)

Compared to much of Miller's work, particularly to *The Life of the Mind in America*, this new book seems oddly conventional in subject and in the range and character of its concerns. In other studies he plunges deep into the murky tangle of medieval theology and Ramean logic and into the grinding religious feuds of colonial New England. Here he confronts only the familiar figures of textbooks and anthologies: Hawthorne and Melville, Emerson, Whitman and Thoreau.

The great issue for these writers, Miller argues, was how to reconcile two incontrovertible facts about Nature and its relationship to the American nation. Nineteenth-century Americans joyously identified the spiritual health, indeed the whole personality of America with Nature as opposed to the sickness and cities of Europe. "God has promised us a renowned existence," ran a typical paean in 1835. "He speaks this promise in the sublimity of Nature. It resounds all along the crags of the Alleghenies. It is uttered in the thunder of Niagara." Yet Jacksonian America celebrated with equal joy the exhilarating fact of its own inexorable material and economic progress – a progress which threatened inevitably to eradi-

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cate Nature in America. Thomas Cole in 1836 spelled out the fearful implications of this dilemma in his famous series of paintings, "The Course of Empire." There he proclaimed what some had secretly suspected, that no great culture could remain permanently attached to Nature; it must, according to the cyclical laws of history, abandon Nature and rise to Empire, only eventually to fall again, like Rome, to the barbarians.

To the profoundest minds the founding of national identity on the virtue of Nature came at last to be untenable, and they began to grope toward some other formulation of American destiny. Unable to accept the blind, transcendental cheerfulness of the Romantic view of Nature, Hawthorne and Melville deliberately warped and parodied the formulae of the prose Romance, perversely favoring the dark heroine over the blonde, blasphemously suggesting that evil spirits as well as good dance in the forest. "Say what some poets will," Melville wrote in *Pierre*, with an eye cocked plainly at Wordsworth, "Nature is not so much her own ever sweet interpreter, as the mere supplier of that cunning alphabet, whereby selecting and combining as he pleases, each man reads his own peculiar lesson according to his own peculiar mind and mood." When this loss of faith in Nature is understood, Miller insists, it becomes clear that "Hawthorne and Melville do not inaugurate a 'renaissance' in American literature: they constitute a culmination, they pronounce a funeral oration on the dreams of their youth, they intone an elegy of disenchantment."

Such an argument reminds us that while for historians like Basil Willey or Arthur O. Lovejoy the life of the mind is intellectual or literary or political, for Perry Miller it is psychological. Again and again he presents history in terms of its struggling, clashing personalities – Theodore Parker dueling with the Boston clergy or Jonathan Edwards smashing the fortresses of Charles Chauncy and the Old Lights. Miller,

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who was briefly in his youth an itinerant actor, always displays the dramatist's sense of conflict, and his best work is a dramatization as well as an analysis of conflicts now ancient and muted, once deafeningly alive. The quality of these fifteen essays is erratic. (Inexplicably, the publishers fail to point out that the essay "The Romantic Dilemma" also appears in *Errand into the Wilderness* under the title "Nature and the National Ego.") Two of the three now published for the first time – "An American Language," which traces the evolution of the plain style from Thomas Hooker to Faulkner, and "The Romance and the Novel" – are especially provocative. Several others, like "Declension in a Bible Commonwealth" and "Emersonian Genius and the American Democracy," have finally been pried from scholarly journals for the wider audience they deserve.

Miller's own hectoring personal charm often breaks through these pieces, many of them first given as lectures. Much of the flavor is necessarily lost, but we can still see something of the man who once set about to explain a difficult concept to uncomprehending graduate students by declaring that "Don Drysdale is merely beautiful, but Sandy Koufax is sublime."

Games Malinowski Played

by Patrick Gallagher

An anthropological truism holds that each human group lives in its own meaningful universe – meaningful because it is replete with clues and signs which serve as potential guides for thought and conduct. (Americans know *white* means purity; that shaking hands is a form of greeting; that a slice of pie is to be eaten from the point to the crust, not the other way around.) Most clues are intuitively followed. The charm of works like Stephen Potter's *Lifemanship* or its perhaps more serious American counterpart *Games People Play* is related to the shock of recognition felt by the reader as these dimly perceived rules in Western society are brought to a level of conscious awareness. A striking thing about these clues is their arbitrariness. Only God knows why the Chinese think *white* suitable for mourning rather than suggestive of purity, why the Polynesians insist on pressing noses instead of shaking hands. To lose the countless clues for orienting oneself in the daily situations of life is to be lost indeed, and the tragic individual psychopathologically labeled has not, contrary to our metaphor, "gone out of his mind" at all: rather by going *into* his mind, he has gone out of our world.

There are other ways of taking such trips; most anthropologists do so as a matter of course, periodically departing to enter and act in the many and diverse worlds of savage societies. But it was not always so. When Sir James Frazer, author of the trailblazing *The Golden Bough* was asked if he ever lived amongst savages, he held up his hands as though to ward off even the thought and answered, "God forbid!" Prolonged "participant observation," actually sharing in the lives of savages to see the world through their eyes, was first undertaken by the aristocratic anthropologist Bronislaw Malinowski, whose field work during the

A Diary in the Strict Sense of the Term
by Bronislaw Malinowski
preface by Valetta Malinowski
introduction by Raymond Firth
translated by Norbert Guterman
(Harcourt, Brace & World; $6.95)

NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS

Philip Toynbee *is a literary critic of* The London Observer *and the author of several novels. He has recently completed a trilogy, the last of which is* A Learned City, *published by Chatto & Windus.* Patrick Gallagher *is Chairman of the Department of Anthropology at Georgetown University. His specialty is Latin American archeology.* Max Byrd *teaches history and literature at Harvard.*

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years of the First World War in Melanesia was the basis for a classic ethnography. It established a new strategy for anthropology and demonstrated him to be an objective and sensitive researcher, both egalitarian and humane. Though he did no further field work, he trained many of today's luminaries in anthropology in the principles of his "Functionalist School," wrote a number of books and received even more accolades before he died in 1942 while a visiting professor at Yale. While his version of functionalism has not weathered well over the years, his reputation as a teacher and – above all – as an ethnographer has not only endured but also increased to monumental proportions.

Yet the publication of two journals "found only recently" and covering a large portion of his pioneer field work provides page after page of what appear to be examples of Malinowski's magnificent lack of rapport with the natives, including the Trobriand Islanders, whom he made famous with his *Argonauts of the Western Pacific*. Even more embarrassing, he confesses to despising his subjects ("young females, blackened, with shaven heads, one of them . . . with an animal-like, brutishly sensual face. I shudder at the thought of copulating with her"), to distrusting them ("They lied, concealed, and irritated me. I am always in a world of lies here"), and even to abusing them ("I was enraged and punched him in the jaw once or twice"). He also confesses, repeatedly, to chronic dissipation of time in reading "trashy" novels ("When I came back, read *Maud Diver* and ignored the niggers"); and, as frequently, to preoccupation with sexual daydreams and "lecherous" acts (All the time I had a subconscious longing for E. R. M. [whom he later married], but in spite of that scandalously pawed Nopula"). He occasionally yields to reveries of self-seeking professional ambitions ("crawling over me like lice"), while he also, on occasion, finds the practice of his profession dull ("As for ethnology: I see the life of the natives as utterly devoid of interest or importance, something as remote from me as the life of a dog").

Eliminating passages which fit the dreary categories illustrated above would probably reduce the entire *Diary* by one-third; they very greatly outnumber those positive statements one might expect from a model ethnographer's diary. Considering that the book has already been expurgated, the document as it stands raises some interesting problems, at least to its anthropological readers. Not the least of these is that of explaining the difference between the attitudes toward natives expressed in this work and those implied in his ethnographies (in which, as John Greenway of the University of Colorado puts it, he "insulated pejora-

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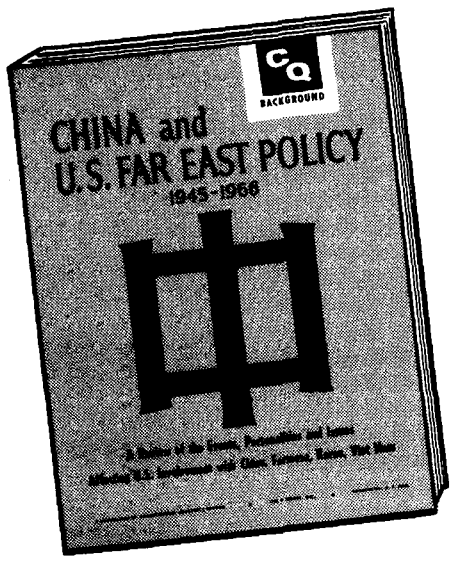

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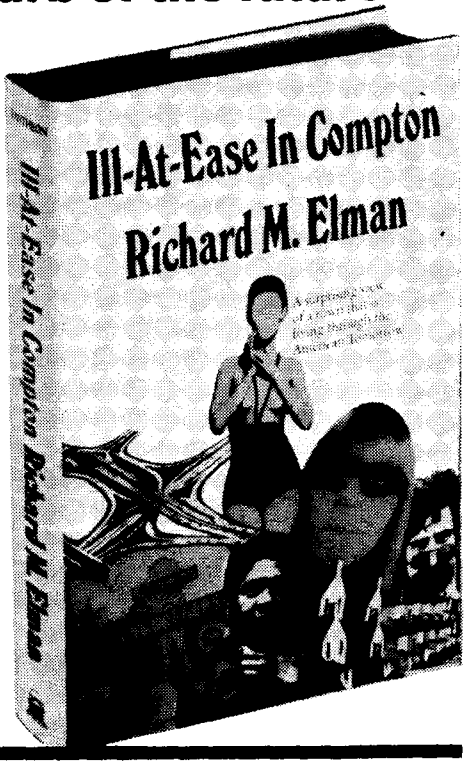

tive words like 'savages' in quotation marks"). Assuming the *Diary* is completely and throughout a work of candor, what is one to make of excerpts like the following one:

> "Twinges of conscience result from lack of integrated feelings and truth in relation to individuals. My whole ethics is based on the fundamental instinct of unified personality. From this follows the need to be the same in different situations (truth in relation to oneself) and the need, indispensability, of sincerity: the whole value of friendship is based on the possibility of expressing oneself, of being oneself with absolute frankness. . . . Love does not flow from ethics, but ethics from love. There is no way of deducing Christian ethics from my theory. But that ethics has never expressed the actual truth – love your neighbor – to the degree actually possible. The real problem is: why must you always behave as if God were watching you?"

I would suggest that Malinowski did love his neighbors when he wrote the *Diary*, that his fits of rage and temper tantrums toward them can be seen as a measure of the enormity of his need to communicate with them, to turn toward them. No one reacts with such emotion to humans he deems despicable; instead he ignores them as beneath consideration. These journals are the personal record of the first anthropologist to shed the protective mantle of his own culture in order to expose his naked personality to a drastic reeducation, a reorientation more traumatic and continuous than the most painfully successful psychoanalysis. That in so doing he felt the oppressive terror of estrangement and hence periodically responded aggressively or took holidays from the Trobriand's world into the familiar fantasy lands of Western trashy novels and lecherous sexuality hardly indicates any necessary lack either of humanity or of integrity. It may be possible to do ethnography without such reeducation and attendant torment, but the results – by comparison with what Malinowski produced – are more than just possibly liable to be piffle.

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Kauffmann, *from page 20*

cause of his fluent French and French experience, was from the very beginning of his eminence *le grand Charles*. Third, Churchill, of course. Nicolson describes the delivery of the speeches that have gone into the histories as texts; he gives us mannerism, intonation, gesture, parliamentary reception. He also gives us the smoking-room Churchill, drinking, chatting, rebuffing, and doing imitations. Nicolson adored Churchill and gives substantial reasons for it. If there was any English institution he adored more, it was Parliament and the saraband of parliamentary procedure.

". . . John Morley's autobiography . . . convinced me that parliamentary politics was a national English game like cricket. . . ." So writes Edmund Wilson in a volume of *his* journals, just published, which run from 1914 to 1919.* (They are preceded by a schoolboy log of Wilson's first European trip in 1908 when he was 13.) A further relation to Nicolson is that the one criticism of his books that the Englishman discusses is a long unfavorable review by Wilson in 1944.

In a way Wilson's journals are the reverse of Nicolson's. The latter's second volume is a record of great events seen by a middle-sized man. Wilson's book records lesser events (in the main) seen by a youth who was to become a preeminent figure. Indeed much of the material in this volume was supplied by the present-day Wilson. "At this stage my notations were scrappy, and I have had to fill them in with something in the nature of reminiscences."

Subsequent volumes of Wilson's journals, which may not appear until after his death, will doubtless prove more rewarding. Here his social history – of the American upper middle class in the early years of the century – adds little to what is well-known, and Wilson's family and early friends are not in themselves interesting figures. The story of Wilson's early intellectual development is (one may say) routine, his army experiences are dull, and his contemporary observations – lists of slang phrases and locutions, etc. – are limp compared with those in *The Crack-up* by Wilson's Princeton friend, Scott Fitzgerald. Two early Wilson short stories that have, justifiably, been out of print for some years are here returned to unflattering light, along with a number of his poems. "Enough of this poetry," he comments editorially on page 204, but on page 234 he gives us still more.

Coincident with this volume Wilson has published another**, containing a long-buried long short story and a somewhat refurbished version of his 1929 novel *I Thought of Daisy*. The story, *Galahad*, depicts unremarkably a turning-point in a young man's view of sexual freedom. The novel – which seems, by random comparisons with the 1953 edition, to have been tightened a bit in its prose – has some value as a picture of Greenwich Village in the twenties.

Wilson reportedly has always been sensitive about his poetry and fiction. With good reason, one may dare to say of this man so spectacularly accomplished in other ways. One may also say that his insistence on publishing – and republishing – this work is not the prime proof of his critical faculties. As for his journals, when they are complete they will surely be valuable. This first installment, the devout Wilsonian (like myself) will be glad to have on his shelf, but he will probably also be glad to leave it there.

*A *Prelude*, Landscapes, Characters and Conversations from the Earlier Years of My Life, by Edmund Wilson (Farrar, Straus & Giroux; $6.50).
**Galahad; I Thought of Daisy*, by Edmund Wilson (Farrar, Straus & Giroux; $5.50).

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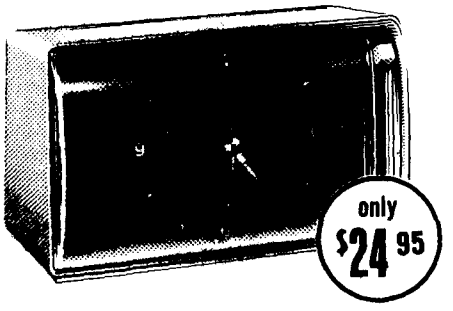

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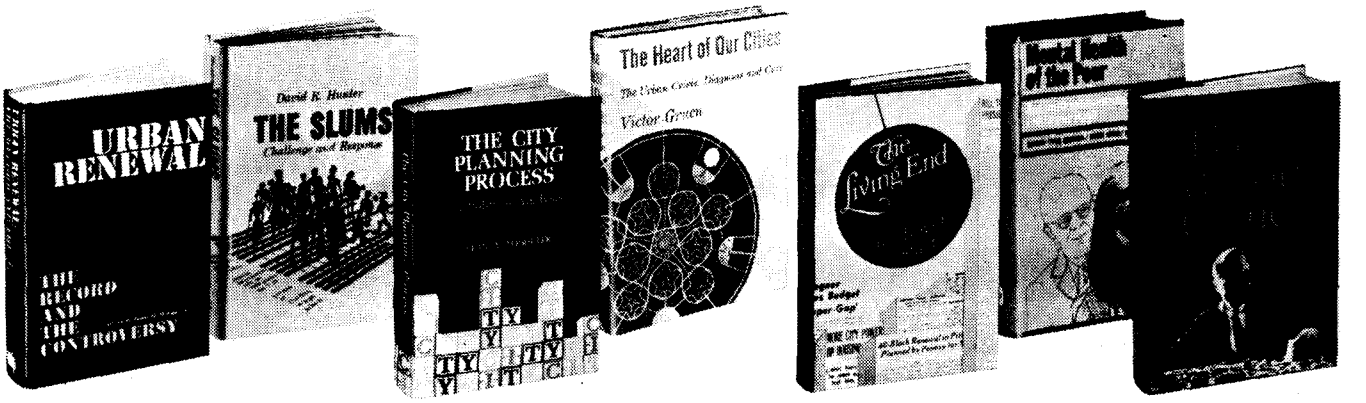

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